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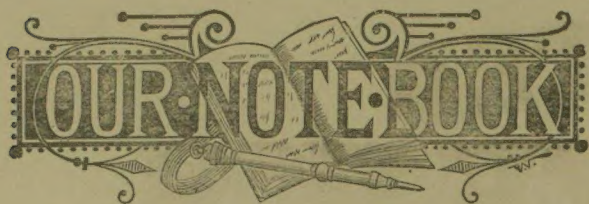


THE HEAD OF THE RIVER COLUMN: ROYAL ENGINEERS AND GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS LEAVING DONGOLA FOR THE FRONT.



SENDING CAMELS ACROSS THE NILE AT DONGOLA.

THE NILE EXPEDITION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



The New-Year's joy-bells may well have seemed to some happy listeners to ring out a jubilant wedding-peal in honour of the betrothal of her Majesty's youngest daughter and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Nothing but hearty congratulations have followed the official announcement of this auspicious engagement, which on Monday night received the Queen's sanction at Osborne, the affianced couple agreeing to comply with her Majesty's wish that they should reside in England after their marriage. In the forthcoming Royal union all classes of the Queen's subjects will evince that interest which is invariably felt in all that concerns the welfare of the Royal family. Princess Beatrice has won the affection of the people by her devotion to her Majesty, whose constant and helpful companion she has been for upwards of twenty years. One of the most charming of our Princesses, and richly endowed with every womanly grace and accomplishment, her Royal Highness may be cordially felicitated on what is believed to be a "love-match" with a gallant young soldier-Prince. Prince Henry is the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose marriage with the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, at Darmstadt, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice attended in the spring of last year. We are sure that all our readers will join us in wishing the Prince and Princess the happiest of New Years.

The popular practice of making New-Year's gifts is as old as Rome, and originated, according to the "Encyclopædia of Antiquities," with Romulus and Tatius. Eatables were the principal offerings, though, in honour of the season, the figs and dates presented were ornamented with gold-leaf. One fig with the decoration was considered to be a handsome gift from a client to his patron, though in some cases it was accompanied by a piece of money to be expended in the purchase of statues of deities. In the early ages of the Church, ecclesiastical councils condemned New-Years' gifts on account of the pagan ceremonies accompanying their presentation. Later on, during the reign of Edward VI., an orange stuck with cloves was a popular New-Year's offering, but not to the king or his successors, who insisted on presentations from every member of their households as sternly as a cook of the present time insists on an annual remembrance from her master's trades-people. But throughout all ages food has been fashionable; and the progress of extravagance might be traced from the gilded fig of Rome to the sumptuous bonbonnières that are now so expensive and appropriate. A few years ago, a box of French chocolates costing a few shillings was accepted as a neat compliment; now, ten, twenty, and even fifty pounds are charged for magnificent satin edifices full of sugar-plums, and announced as "suitable for New-Year's gifts."

A centenary, interesting to the world generally and journalism specially, was reached on Wednesday, Dec. 31. It was the hundredth birthday of the *Times*. This newspaper was started in 1785, under the title of the "Daily Universal Register," but changed its name three years later. It is curious to read the leading article in which the new name was excused, as a study of the changes which have taken place in the editorial method of the past and present. Here is an extract:—"The *Times*! What a monstrous name! Granted—for the *Times* is a many-headed monster that speaks with an hundred tongues, and displays a thousand characters; and, in the course of its transitions in life, assumes innumerable shapes and humours."

This does not sound like the leading journal of to-day. Of course, advancement of thought and education have brought formidable rivals into the field of daily newspapers; but, according to Mr. Joseph Hatton's little work on "Journalistic London," the *Times* was the first to use machine presses, the first to drive them by steam, the first to introduce type-setters, and the first to adopt the telephone and electric light. This is progress, indeed; and we wish our contemporary many happy returns of its birthday.

Amongst the curious fancies that seize rich and charitable persons, surely Mr. Leopold De Rothschild's is not the least eccentric; and it is all the more graciously conceived because the generous donor can have no possible connection with the recipients of his goodness. Every omnibus-driver on the Bayswater and Hammer-smith line has been presented with a brace of pheasants and a bottle of wine at the expense of the wealthy Hebrew banker. They will have no opportunity of reciprocating his kindness even by civility, for it is not likely that Mr. De Rothschild will require accommodation on the box-seat, or ask some passenger to get outside to oblige a lady.

New York is to become the seat of a great Catholic University, and the sum of £75,000 for its foundation has been given by Miss Caldwell, a young lady who has just attained her majority, with the full consent of her guardians. She and her sister are orphans, who have been well educated, and have spent two or three years travelling in Europe; they are not 'verts, but Catholics by birth and breeding. No doubt other funds will come in rapidly, and the establishment of such an university will obviate the necessity felt by young American priests to go to Rome and there attend the lectures of the Propaganda after their theological studies are finished at home. It is said that the Pope has some very special favour in store for this generous daughter of her Church.

What the German language owes to the Brothers Grimm may be compared with the debt that Rome owed to the Neros (according to Horace): it was but right, then, that Jan. 4, "the centenary of the birth of Jacob Grimm," should be recommended to the attention of "all the Prussian schools" as a day worthy of remembrance and celebration.

Among the observed of observers during the New Year will be Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, whose singular fortune it is to own the "first favourite" for the Derby of 1885, though the gentleman has not yet been known on the turf for so long as a single year. This beats even the celebrated Mr. John Bowes, of Streatham, who came to the front pretty early in his day, and won the Derby with Mundig (in the Noachian year, 1835), Cotherstone, Daniel O'Rourke, and West Australian, oftener by once than any other owner has ever won the great race, since the time of Lord Egremont, the famous Lord of Petworth. Mr. Brodrick-Cloete, who is known to be a keen sportsman, at one time following "big game" in America, and at another "wielding the willow" for the Orleans Club, or other cricket clubs at home, a good rider, a good shot, and pretty good "all round," has not only Paradox (five thousand guineas' worth) to depend upon for the Derby, but he has also the "dark" Louisbourg (four thousand guineas' worth), bought when two years of age at Lord Falmouth's sale last season, but hitherto unable to be properly trained for racing. The name of Louisbourg has puzzled persons who know that Lord Falmouth's horses were generally named with significance; and a clue to the puzzle may be found in the fact that Chevisaunce (dam of the "dark" animal) means "achievement," and that Lord Falmouth's gallant ancestor, Admiral Boscawen (himself a racing Admiral, setting the example followed by Admiral Rous, the "dictator of the turf"), performed a notable "achievement" at Louisbourg, North Carolina, in the American War.

Between the desire of feeding poor little starving children with penny dinners and the fear of pauperising their parents, charity and prudence have been of late very much at variance. The happy medium seems to have been reached, however, at the Westminster Jews' Free School, where parents who cannot pay the necessary pennies are employed in plain coarse needlework as an equivalent, taking the materials on one Monday and bringing back the finished articles on the following Monday. At the end of the winter, the clothing will be sold at cost price, either to the parents or to any persons who desire to purchase them for charitable purposes. This plan, it is to be hoped, may solve the difficulty.

Commander the Hon. A. Curzon Howe gave to the crew of H.M.S. Sultan, on Christmas Day, a big Christmas-tree, with at least twenty pound's worth of presents. This was true consideration, for a ship cannot be left on Christmas Day, more than on any other day in the year, without hands to manage her, and Jack Tar is peculiarly fond of a little fun and jollity.

It is perhaps not very widely known that the Dispensary established by Mrs. Garrett-Anderson in 1865, when she entered on the life of a duly qualified medical practitioner, has developed into a small but unique Hospital for Women. It occupies two large old-fashioned houses in the Marylebone-road, and contains twenty-six beds. The visiting physicians are all ladies, the dispenser is also a lady, and of course the nurses and servants are feminine. In fact, there is not a man about the place, with the exception of one occasionally called in to carry heavy weights up and down stairs. Some of our best known doctors and surgeons are on the consulting staff, and the students of the London School of Medicine for Women are admitted to the wards to watch cases, and follow up the practice of Mrs. Anderson and her colleagues.

Some men have bad luck—or would have it, if there were such a thing. Here is gallant Captain Sandilands, of H.M.S. Asia, Portsmouth Harbour. He jumped overboard, plunging through 25 ft. of darkness into a cold and troubled sea, to grope after a poor sailor who had fallen into the water accidentally. The Captain found and saved his man—but only for the time; the poor fellow ultimately died from the shock and inflammation of the lungs. It was by no means the first occasion on which Captain Sandilands had performed a similar feat, and received the medal and clasps awarded for such bravery: but on every occasion he has been unfortunate in the results of his efforts, as the life he has saved has always been lost eventually within a few days from the effects of the shock or of disease. This is truly "hard lines," if not bad luck.

There was great rejoicing at Portsmouth on Christmas Eve when news arrived that the considerably overdue Tyne was safely anchored off Spithead, and would come into harbour the next morning. She had been hospital-ship and head-quarters for the Marines at Souakim for eight months, during which time a small coral reef had formed on her bottom, and considerably impeded her progress through the water. Added to this, she met with terribly rough weather off Cape Finisterre, and her machinery broke down, so that her homeward voyage was accomplished under many difficulties.

As soon as a country has taken kindly to horse-racing, and arrived at a certain pitch of excellence, so that the sport becomes popular and is greatly developed, the question of "two-year-old racing" is sure to arise. A time inevitably comes when two-year-olds are raced: it has been so in England, in France, in America, in Germany, in Austria-Hungary, in Australia, in all the world—that is, of any account in horse-racing. Then, quite as surely, comes an outcry: the breed of horses is deteriorating in consequence of the practice of racing immature animals. It was so last season in France. The Société des Agriculteurs de France appealed to the French Jockey Club to put down two-year-old racing in France. The French Jockey Club declined to do anything of the

sort, replying that, briefly, it is far the best course to train the thorough-bred as early as possible (within limits shown by experience to be reasonable); that the possibility dates from the latter part of the second year; and that the races are a natural consequence of the training, and (if there be no abuse) do far more good than harm. Indeed, the French Jockey Club evidently holds with the view of the old English trainer, who used to say of his animals in training, when they needed "sweating," as it is called: "If they must sweat, let 'em sweat for the brass"—that is, "let them run for public money or sweepstakes." People argue that, because Flying Childers and Eclipse, and the earliest "cracks," did not run till they were five years old, it must be wrong to depart from that practice. But it is by no means certain that Flying Childers and Eclipse were even equal to some of their successors, let alone superior; and, if you must not run a horse until he is really a horse, at five years of age, of course it would be wrong to run him at three: which is absurd. The great Pot8oes ran just once when he was technically two years old, "rising" three; Waxy (the "ace of trumps" of the whole pack of sires) won the Derby when he was only a three-year-old of a fortnight's standing, technically; the celebrated "stayers," Dr. Syntax and Irish Harkaway, ran just once when they were technically two years old; and the famous Touchstone, though a "valetudinarian," was pulled out twice at two years of age, became the sire of sires, and lived to be thirty-one. The great point seems to be not to overdo it.

The morning of Christmas Day is a favourite time for getting married among the very poor, and at many of the East-End churches the clergy begin uniting happy couples at nine a.m., or even earlier, and it is half-past eleven or a quarter to twelve before the regular morning service can begin. It is almost necessary sometimes to marry them in batches, and leave them to sort themselves afterwards, for between the nervousness natural to the occasion, and the mistiness of mind peculiar to thoughtless young men and maidens, the bride does not always make it clear to the official mind which is the groom and which is the groomsman. There is often a promiscuous exchange of hats after the register has been signed, and, unless the churchwardens come to the rescue, the confusion is frequently somewhat appalling.

A little Japanese boy, Prince Alexis Saigo, died about the middle of December, of typhoid fever, at Washington, in the house of Baron de Struve, the Russian Ambassador to the United States, who formerly filled the same position at the Mikado's Court, where Prince Alexis formed a strong affection for the Baron's young family, and had lived with them ever since. When they went to St. Petersburg, the boy was baptised according to the forms of the Greek Church, when the Czarina and the Grand Duke Alexis stood as his sponsors. He next accompanied his friends to America, and at the time of his death Colonel Oyama, the Japanese Minister of War, his uncle, was on a visit there, and will take the little fellow's embalmed remains back to his native land. His father, General Saigo, was one of the greatest soldiers and truest patriots of Japan, and took a leading part in the struggle against the Tycoon's tyranny, for which he endured repeated imprisonment and exile, though after that dignity's abdication he held office under the Mikado. His name is as popular and well known in the Flowery Land as that of Garibaldi in Italy.

A very curious letter, bearing the date of 1761, has recently been found, with other papers, between the back-board of an old frame and an engraving, which by their means was pressed close against the glass. It had been bought at the sale of an old Hampshire lady's effects, and the letter was a long one, written from Rowner, and containing many details of the smuggling then carried on in that neighbourhood; the story of a man who, to his cost, knew some of the secrets of the Black Art; an anecdote of Admiral Smith, known among his contemporaries as "Tom of Ten Thousand"; and various details marking the writer as a man of culture. The only comical sentences are near the end. "Dr. Rowe is gone, five mackerel and a turbot carried him off; he ate them all at one dinner, beside game and pastry in proportion. He was a man of great parts and capacity, and made a good end." The account of the dinner leaves no doubt about the deceased doctor's capacity for eating.

It is supposed that the most powerful tug-boat in the world is being built by a Philadelphia firm for the Panama Railway Company. She will be of iron, 130 feet long by 23 wide and 10 deep, and, being for service in the shallow water of Panama Bay, will be on the twin-screw system. She will have two compound condensing engines supplied with steam by two steel boilers, and will be of 650-horse power. The order for her construction was given early in December, and she will be ready in four months from that date; the cost being about £13,700.

At the end of the Old Year the French Turf sustained a heavy loss by the death of Comte Hocquart de Turtot, at the age of sixty-one. He became a member of the French Jockey Club in 1856, an "additional member" of the Race Committee in 1871, in the place of Baron Rivière (so well known in this country), and for many years discharged the onerous duties of "judge" at races under the patronage of the French Jockey Club, who do not employ a paid judge, as we do. He was called "King of Deauville."

A correspondent at Prague, referring to a note on "internal troubles in Austria" in our last issue, states that in Bohemia the Tehek population forms about two thirds of the whole, the rest being Austro-Germans; and that, in spite of this majority of the Tehek element, officials are not compelled to acquire the Tehek tongue, certainly a crying injustice. In all other Austrian provinces the idiom spoken by the majority is also the official language. It is not surprising, continues our correspondent, that a nation six millions strong should try to get the same rights as the others.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

On more than one occasion, and especially last year, Sir Coutts Lindsay has laid the English Art-loving public under a load of obligation which they can never hope to repay; and this year he has gone a step farther by extending the debt to all lovers of Nature. After Reynolds, the high priest of Art, it was only fitting that Gainsborough, the diviner of Nature and her secrets, should be called upon to show his powers. Most faithfully Sir Coutts Lindsay has discharged his self-imposed, and not always grateful task. He has brought together from every quarter of the kingdom a collection of Gainsborough's works such as has probably never before been seen. Similar efforts have been more than once made—by the artist's widow shortly after his death, when fifty-six of his pictures and nearly 150 drawings were brought together; by the British Institution, first in 1814, when seventy-three works were exhibited; and again in 1859, when forty-two were brought together; and lastly, at two out of the three National Portrait Exhibitions held at South Kensington 1867-8, when fifty-two and twenty-seven portraits were respectively collected. Sir Coutts Lindsay has, however, left all competitors far behind; and it may be said that, perhaps for the first time, it is possible, by the aid of the 216 pictures exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery this winter, to form a fair appreciation of the genius of the "Father of English Landscape," as well as of the most original of English portrait-painters.

It may be that Gainsborough's work gains more by juxtaposition than Reynolds', or that the specimens group themselves better; but certainly the *coup-d'œil* on entering the gallery this year is more striking than last year. There is, moreover, a suggestion of uniformity of purpose about Gainsborough's work which is wanting in Reynolds'—the difference between the divination of instinct and the outcome of a brilliant intelligence. Whilst Reynolds was labouring to reproduce, by turns, Rubens and Veronese, Titian and Rembrandt, Velasquez and Vandyke, Gainsborough went direct to Nature for his inspirations; and the result is that, although he is often careless in his work, his colouring is always exquisite; and in his portraits he not only gives the face of his model, but what is passing through his model's mind.

On the present occasion it is impossible to do more than glance at a few of the principal masterpieces which have been brought together. The Duke of Westminster's "Blue Boy" (62), although so well known, can never be seen too often, and Messrs. Carr and Hallé have shown their accustomed taste in assigning to it the place of honour in the centre of the West Gallery. It is a pity that on this occasion the other "Blue Boy," whether the Prince of Wales or not, could not have been exhibited. Mr. Stevens, to whom the compilation of the catalogue is due, admits the possible existence of several "Blue Boys" (which is in itself a concession); but he still insists that this is a portrait of Master Jonathan Buttall (probably more correctly spelt Buttell), whereas so many competent authorities see in it a Molyneux—a member of Lord Sefton's family. The controversy which has so often raged round the origin of this work, and its history after leaving the painter's studio, will doubtless break out again with renewed vigour; it is enough to repeat here that this is what is now known as the "Dark Blue Boy," in contradistinction to two lighter renderings of the same or a similar figure. The full-length portrait of David Garrick (7) is another of the historic pictures by Gainsborough, who has represented his friend on this occasion leaning on a pedestal, surmounted by a bust of Shakespeare. It was painted for the actor himself, by whom it was presented to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon. Of portraits of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire there are three examples: the sketch lent by Lord Clifden (40), a full-length figure, but of small size, in a walking dress, and wearing a large plumed hat—her portrait as a child; Miss (Lady?) Georgiana Spencer (184), painted when she was six years old, in a white dress and pink ribbons, with her hands demurely folded; and the magnificent work, lent by Earl Spencer (145), showing the Duchess in her acknowledged supremacy as the Queen of Grace and Beauty. Of the numerous portraits of Mrs. Gainsborough or Margaret Burr, there are two specimens to be seen in the exhibition, both of them comparatively small canvases, and scarcely giving the idea of that great beauty which tradition has attributed to the lady, whose mysterious origin has never been satisfactorily cleared up. Some pretended that she was a daughter of the Duke of Berwick, others of either the third or fourth Dukes of Bedford; at any rate, the income she brought to her husband was an important aid to him in his career, for it enabled him to try his fortune first at Bath and afterwards to settle in London. Of the male portraits, those of "Lord Chancellor Camden" (61) and "Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield" (84), are among the best known; but they scarcely show Gainsborough's special powers to the same extent as the less ambitious portrait of his own nephew, "Mr. Gainsborough Dupont" (146), a minute work of the very highest finish, or in "Parson Bate" (171), the sobriquet under which the Rev. Sir H. Bate Dudley was known among his contemporaries. He was the author of several dramatic pieces, and one of the original proprietors of the *Morning Post*. From his portrait, he was evidently a man of powerful will with no little sense of humour.

Amongst the landscapes, "The Harvest Waggon" (33) stands almost unrivalled, its companion-picture, "The Return from Harvest," not being exhibited. "The Cottage Door" (98), lent by the Duke of Westminster, is one of the best renderings of this popular subject, of which there is another almost exact reproduction (192) in the adjoining room; and at least two others have been recently seen at Burlington House. The composition is very simple, and the picture tells its own quiet story. The landscape is here shut out by the high trees and shade subordinate to the children, who are grouped round their mother at the door of the cottage. The larger picture of "The Cottage Girl" (173), or as it is better known as "The Girl Going to the Well," is the picture of a barefooted child, but obviously one of gentle birth, making her way to the well, carrying a pitcher in one hand, and her dog under the other arm. A charming group, and only surpassed by the companion-picture of "The Girl with Pigs," which is now at Castle Howard.

Here we must break off for the present, purposing to return again to notice the other attractions of the Gainsborough collection. We must also reserve for the same occasion any attempts to describe the two hundred sketches by the late Richard Doyle in pen and pencil, black and white, and water colours. To all he is known as the most fanciful and humorous of modern caricaturists, possessed of as much delicacy of sentiment as of touch. A number of these sketches, still belonging to his family, are for sale, and will, we may safely prophesy, meet with ready appreciation by the public.

It having been determined to appoint three additional members of the High Court at Calcutta, the Queen has approved the appointment of Mr. William Macpherson (Bengal Civil Service), Mr. Ernest John Trevelyan (barrister-at-law), and Baboo Chunder Madhub Ghose (Pleader of the High Court, Calcutta) to be Puisne Judges of that Court.

CHRISTMAS AT THE THEATRES.

Although we are all disinclined to own it, there is no entertainment that has changed so much in the course of a few years as pantomime. Because managers are positively afraid to do away with the harlequinade, and because they retain clown, columbine, pantaloon, and harlequin by an antiquated and obsolete custom, the children of to-day seriously believe that they are witnessing the same kind of fun that their fathers and grandfathers did before them. Never was there a greater mistake. The Christmas amusement at the theatres within an easy memory, consisted of these things:—A dark mysterious opening; a fairy interlude, with a ballet; a comic procession, with plenty of masks; a downright comic scene, well thought out and considered; a transformation, with all the scenic art of the establishment devoted to it; and a harlequinade that did not come on too late for the children to enjoy it. The modern manager, whose duty it is to study the modern parent and the modern child, sees that this kind of thing will not do. It is not attractive enough, and, presumably, it does not pay.

DRURY LANE.

Mr. Augustus Harris has studied the art of pantomime as well, if not better, than the rest of them; and he has discovered that the man who spends the most money on a costly show meets with the best reward. "Dick Whittington and his Cat" is the result, at a theatre esteemed by common consent the head-quarters of pantomime. We must not blame Mr. E. L. Blanchard if his text is made subordinate to the costliness of the spectacle. Time was when he was the suggester of the humour; nowadays he is merely the assistant of the stage-manager and the procession maker. But the author is not the only person who has to stand aside. If we had a hundred Flexmores or a dozen Paynes, Grimaldis by the score, and so on, they would be mere stop-gaps during the intervals of setting and arranging some eye-dazzling spectacle. The pantomime at Old Drury this year consists of two marvellous processional scenes, relieved by a minimum of humour, song, and dance. The money spent upon this tableau must amount to an enormous figure. There is no scamping or pinching anywhere. The material is of the richest; the properties are of the rarest; the armour is of the brightest. Wonder and astonishment are supposed to be the impressions gained, not laughter or fun. The two scenes occur in this wise. One is at the supposed nuptials of Dick Whittington and the Emperor of Morocco's daughter—a scene of Eastern splendour and magnificence; the other is even more superb in character, and represents a Lord Mayor's Show in the Middle Ages, with every detail studied from chronicles of the period. Here comicality and luxury are happily blended. The Old City Companies are drolly illustrated with banners, attendants, and supporters; and a circus character is imported into the show by the appearance on the stage of Liliputian ponies and cream-coloured chargers. When every company, squadron, cohort, and army of trained girls has advanced, retired, filed, and disappeared into a mass of indescribable colour; when the properties and the ponies have been massed to the satisfaction of Mr. Charles Harris, the final outburst comes with trumpets, bells, cheering, and the advance of Sir Richard Whittington and his bride upon horses brave with magnificent trappings. It is then felt that the force of expenditure cannot further go, and that the triumph of the modern manager as exhibited by his banking account is complete. Now, if these things are done, other things must be undone. We cannot have so much of the humour of Harry Nicholls and Herbert Campbell; or of the grace and singing of Miss Fannie Leslie or Miss Kate Munroe, or of the assistant sparkle of Miss M. A. Victor and Mr. Harker, or indeed of the eccentricity of the comic cat, if so much time is necessarily employed in massing supernumeraries and in dazzling audiences. In their way, all these artists are well worth seeing, but we don't get quite enough of them as matters stand. They are not the mainspring of the entertainment; they are simply a clever adjunct. By-and-by, when the shows have got into working order, then, perhaps, it will be different. Then Miss Fanny Leslie, sweetest of singers and neatest of dancers, will become more and more the hero of the play; then the fun of Mr. Harry Nicholls and of Mr. Herbert Campbell will be unfettered; and then the comic scenes will be advanced to the same position of importance as the spectacle. Meanwhile, it must be placed on record that the Drury pantomime is the most gorgeous and expensive entertainment of the kind ever attempted. Later on, we shall, no doubt, learn the statistics of the expenditure, signed by an authorised accountant; and it will be interesting to very many to learn that they are gazing upon what has cost more money than any show of the kind before. It is just possible that the modern child will be as much impressed with this fact as some of the elders undoubtedly are.

THE SAVOY.

A charming entertainment, of quite another kind, will be found at the Savoy Theatre every morning during the holiday season. A company of very clever children has been trained to present with accuracy and very special taste "The Pirates of Penzance," the well-known opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert. I am told that the result—and a very wonderful result it is—is due to the untiring patience of Mr. R. Barker, the stage manager, and of Mr. F. Cellier, the musical conductor. We wondered enough at the children's "Pinafore," some years ago; but this performance is infinitely better all round. The singing is more accurate, and the acting far more spontaneous. The lad who with a charming soprano voice sings the music of Frederic with so much expression and feeling; the remarkably clever boys who take the parts of the Pirate King and the Policeman—a born humourist the last boy—and both the girls engaged in the principal characters, are all in their way as good as children could be expected to be, and vastly better than many grown up people could possibly be in the same characters. In the first place, these youngsters have been taught to pronounce their words distinctly, and to express them intelligently. They know how to read, which ten out of a dozen actors don't know, and never will care to learn. They have been to school—dramatic school, I mean—which very few of the modern race of actors have ever entered. I must say that I disagree with the critics who maintain that the girls are better than the boys. As a rule, this is so with trained children on the stage. But surely the Pirates are infinitely better than the Kate Greenaway daughters of the Major-General—who is the least offensive prodigy I have ever seen. Phenomena are, as a rule, disagreeable sights. But these children are altogether charming. Nothing prettier or better of its kind has ever been seen.

THE GAIETY.

Turning to the Gaiety Theatre, we find a Christmas fare of a totally different kind. Comedy has not been wholly lost sight of in all this concentrated dazzle and brilliancy. Fun insists upon jingling his cap and bells, and demands a hearing though stage after stage is devoted to red-fire, Brummagem armour, and tin-foil. Mr. Edward Terry is the born impersonator of comic despair. His face, on the stage, is lined with the traces of an abiding sorrow that is harrowing in its intensity. An innocent man who gets into a hideous pickle is a favourite theme with a dramatist, and, with such a comedian as Edward Terry to write for, the subject is endless in its

permutations and combinations. Each comedian has his speciality. Charles Wyndham is the gay, reckless, dare-devil of a fellow. He is, in stage parlance, "such a dog." Mr. Toole is the nervous, electric, spasmodic, good-hearted fellow, who is always being put upon, and is for ever wriggling, like an eel, out of his outrageous dilemmas. He is fiery, peppery, instantaneous and convincing. But Edward Terry is a comedian of a different complexion. He is guilelessness and innocence itself, but it is his destiny to be a ruin and a scourge of matter-of-fact domesticity. No one can have forgotten his Chevalier Walkinshaw in "The Rocket," whose pathetic "Oh! what a mess I'm in!" rings in the ears even at this distant date. Mr. A. W. Pinero, who has studied, and evidently appreciates the fun of his favourite comedian, has fitted his style even better in the new play called "In Chancery." Conceive this position. An innocent commercial traveller meets with a severe accident, is taken to a small local inn, and, when he recovers from the first shock, is brought face to face with the formidable fact that he has forgotten everything. His memory is a perfect blank. He is not only "not myself at all," but he has no means whatever of recollecting who he ever was. A card found in a pocket of the coat in which he has been escorted to the inn complicates the mental disorder of Montague Jolliffe, and, being entirely ignorant whether he is married or single, this ill-starred wretch is on the eve of committing bigamy, and is liable to be shot by the indignant parent of the Irish maiden he leaves in despair on his wedding day. Such a character Mr. Terry approaches with all the intensity of his comic nature, and there are few things more amusing than to see him, thin and haggard with despair, and whining in his accent, endeavouring to extricate himself from a dilemma that an unkindly fate has thrust upon him. He keeps the house in roars of laughter; and in elaborating this story Mr. Pinero has shown that in the modern comic play there may be as much fun in elaboration of character as in horse-play and practical joking. We are getting a little tired of "door and window farces" and comedies that depend merely on noise, pully-hauls, and pantomime. For this relief much thanks. Though of course "In Chancery" is in intention a "one-part play," there is some excellent character acting shown by Alfred Bishop, a capital irate stage Irishman of an old-fashioned type, and by Miss Phyllis Broughton, Miss Gladys Homfrey, and that smart little soubrette, Clara Jecks—clever child of a clever mother. Mr. W. Yardley's burlesque on "Hamlet" has been revised and rewritten up to date. New songs and business have filled up awkward pauses; Miss Farren is as good as ever; and the fact that Mr. Edward Terry plays in all her best scenes as "The Ghost," materially increases the fun of the entertainment. Playgoers are constant to their old loves, and they are naturally delighted when they get Miss Farren, Mr. Terry, and Mr. Royce back again in a Gaiety burlesque. C. S.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

In the centre of our page of Engravings, which represent a few scenes of the Christmas Pantomimes, appears the London Prentice hero of the Drury Lane performance, young Dick Whittington, accompanied by his very large Cat, pausing on the summit of Highgate Hill to hear the bells of Bow Church calling him back to Cheapside. The figures of Mr. H. Nicholls, as Tom the Idle Apprentice, and Mr. Herbert Campbell as the cook, are delineated at the side. Above these is a scene from "Aladdin," at the Surrey Theatre, where the "Lad with the Lamp" pairs off with the "Precious Princess"; and, in the opposite corner, the scene from "Cinderella," at the Standard, when one of the cross and ugly sisters fails to put the elegant glass slipper on her not very pretty foot. Messrs. J. and R. Douglass, at this theatre, have made a brilliant effort with "Cinderella," and the scenery, costumes, and carriages drawn by real horses, with Francesco's miniature ballet troupe of children, are much admired. At the Surrey, also, Mr. G. Conquest's pantomime, which was produced on Christmas Eve, is splendidly got up, with an amazing Cave of Jewels and a Fountain of Liquid Gems, and a Wedding Feast of Lanterns; while the performers, especially Mr. H. Edmunds as Abanazar the Great Scamp, a knavish professor of magic, are very amusing in their way. The zoological exhibition at Sanger's Amphitheatre, so far as regards the Egyptian pelicans, calmly surveyed by the Sphinx, is the subject of our last Illustration. But it is the old English legend of Lady Godiva which has been selected for dramatic treatment at Sanger's, where, for the first time possibly, St. George and the contemporary champions take part in the proceedings. The pantomime is handsomely mounted; the Pavilion of Pagantry, with its glittering procession, and with the various assembly of birds and beasts, from cockatoos to camels, being one of the finest displays ever witnessed on the Surrey side. Miss Stoye is a dashing St. George, Miss Lizzie Relsey a graceful Godiva, Mr. Fred. Shepherd a terrible Leofric, and Little Sandy an amusing demon.

The Wesleyans of Wolverhampton have resolved to expend £12,000 in chapel extensions in the district. Of this sum £9000 has been promised.

Pending the further determination of her Majesty's pleasure, the Home Secretary has granted a respite to Mrs. Gibbons, who was condemned to death for the murder of her husband at Hayes.

Mr. N. R. H. Humphreys presided on Monday night at the annual dinner of the Commercial Traveller's Benevolent Institution, held at the Freemasons' Tavern. Subscriptions to the amount of £2169 were announced.

Sir James Paget has given notice that at the next meeting of the Royal College of Surgeons he will move that the council take measures for placing in the college an appropriate memorial of Sir Erasmus Wilson, who, it will be remembered, bequeathed about £280,000 to the college.

The announcement of the issue to the volunteers of the Martini-Henry rifle is officially confirmed, though it is understood that it will not commence until the orders sent to Birmingham and Enfield for the manufacture of at least 150,000 similar weapons are executed.

In London last week 1832 births and 1430 deaths were registered. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 500, and the deaths 557, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The mortality included 32 from smallpox, 20 from measles, 16 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 22 from whooping cough, and 7 from dysentery.

Mr. Thomas Skinner's "Stock Exchange Year-Book" (Cassell and Company, Limited) has now reached its eleventh year. The work has again increased in bulk, but still maintains its position as the most handy, and at the same time complete authority on matters relating to public securities and joint-stock enterprise, while the moderate price at which it is published is another recommendation. The volume for 1885 contains particulars up to the most recent dates, and a careful examination shows that the reputation already gained for conciseness and accuracy is well maintained.

MR. G. A. SALA.

The clever, humorous, and widely popular writer of our "Echoes of the Week," one of the ablest and most experienced contributors of special correspondence and leading articles to a London daily newspaper, a competent dramatic critic, and author of a great variety of lively essays, tales, and sketches, published in magazines and other journals during more than thirty years past, is pleasantly known to hundreds of thousands of English readers. Thousands of readers in America and in the Colonies, being equally of the English race and language, are nearly as familiar with Mr. Sala's writings as the people of his own country; in the United States, which he has twice visited, he has won much personal regard and goodwill; and he is now on his third voyage across the Atlantic, being engaged to deliver public lectures in the chief cities of the Great Republic, and thence to proceed, from San Francisco, to Australia and New Zealand, where he will find colonial audiences not less eager to see and hear one who has made his mark, by force of original talent and supreme vivacity, on a broad surface of contemporary literature, and has gained a high place in general esteem. This seems a fitting opportunity for us to present the Portrait of Mr. Sala, and to invite our own readers, whom he has so long helped to entertain from week to week, to join with us in wishing him a prosperous expedition, accompanied by his wife, to the Far West and to the Antipodes, hoping that he will return in good health to England, in the spring of 1886, and will long afterwards continue here to pursue those occupations in which we have always found him a most efficient and agreeable colleague. We expect, in the meantime, frequently to receive from him special communications which will be acceptable in our Journal, not only as sure to be pervaded with his characteristic wit and pleasantry, rich in anecdote and allusion, but also as representing the impressions freshly made on the mind of a keen and practised observer by the social peculiarities of colonial life.

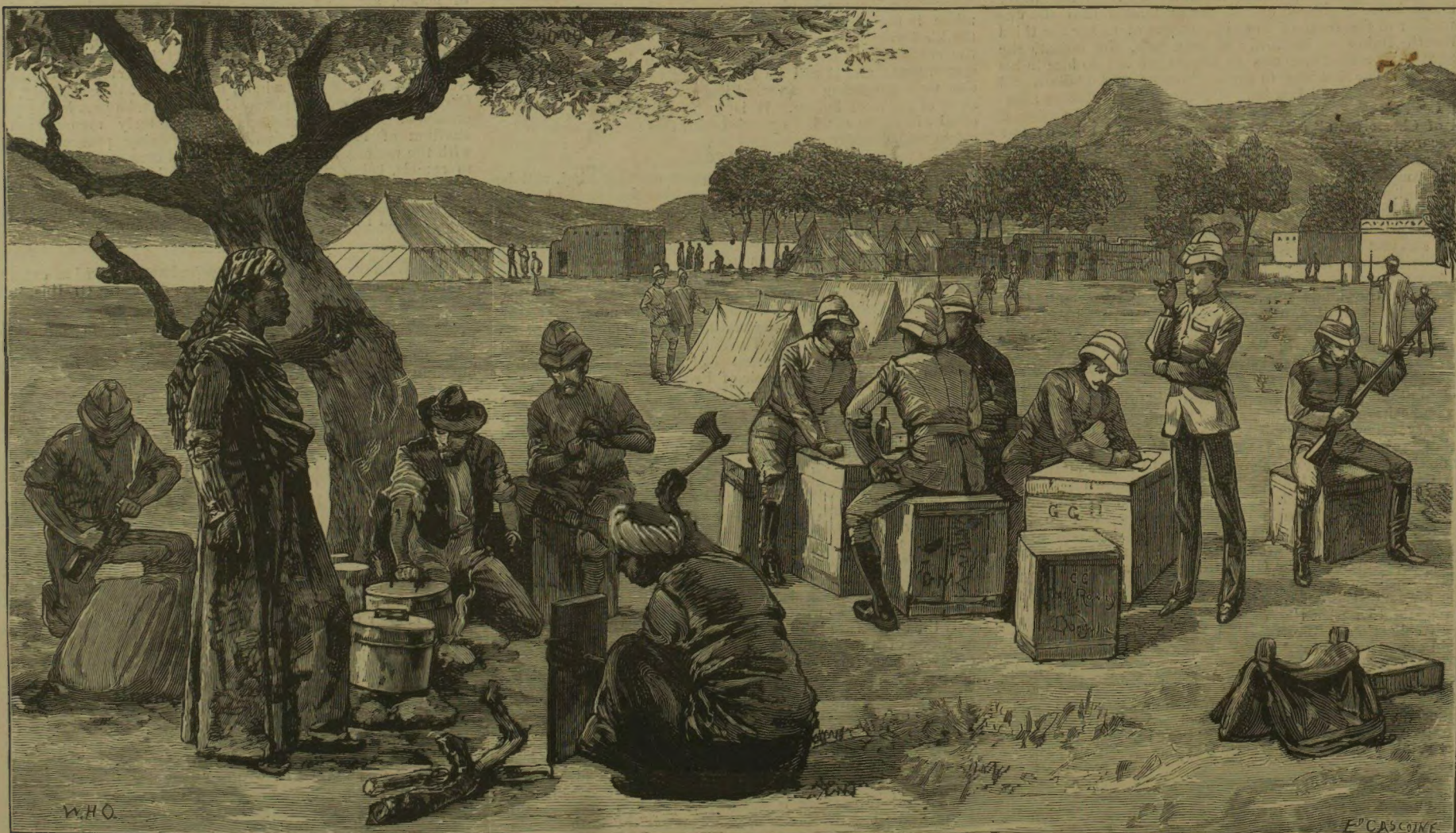
Mr. George Augustus Sala was born in London in 1828, his father being an Italian, but his mother an English West Indian lady, who practised the profession of music, and who had some repute both as a singer and as a teacher of singing. He was educated chiefly in Paris, and became an art-student, but soon turned his efforts to literature, writing first, we believe, for the *Welcome Guest*, also for *Household Words*, upon its establishment by Charles Dickens, in 1850 or 1851, and *All the Year Round*, the second title chosen by Dickens for his weekly publication. He wrote the papers on Hogarth in the *Cornhill Magazine*, under Thackeray's editorship, and he became the first editor of the *Temple Bar Magazine*, for which he wrote a novel, "The Seven Sons of Mammon," and a romance called "Strange Adventures of Captain

Dangerous," afterwards reprinted as separate works. His story called "Quite Alone," written for *All the Year Round*, was likewise reprinted in 1864; and he has also produced a novel entitled "The Baddington Peerage," and several other stories. But Mr. Sala's chief strength does not lie in sustained fiction, or in the full development of an elaborate plot, and the dramatic evolution of characters. As an observer of manners and an incidental anecdotist, he is scarcely excelled by any writer of the day in perception of the quaint, the eccentric, and grotesque; but the oddities which he detects and exhibits with exquisite relish are not embodied in substantial imaginative forms. Indeed, his constant employment in journalism, in the close inspection and description of actual scenes and public proceedings, has not left him any leisure for effective attempts in novel-writing. He went to Russia in 1859; to the United States for the *Daily Telegraph* in the latter part of the War of Secession, and further to Mexico; on his return, he accompanied the late Emperor Napoleon's

minor essays and sketches of home subjects were collected in "Twice Round the Clock," "Gaslight and Daylight," "Breakfast in Bed," "After Breakfast," and other volumes, as well as the more recent of his contributions to the *Illustrated London News*, which began at a very early period. He has written several pieces for the stage, one being the burlesque of "Wat Tyler, M.P.," performed at the Gaiety Theatre in 1869. Mr. Sala is one of the most active and industrious of literary men; though a cosmopolitan man of the world in experience, he cultivates a taste for literary, historical, and antiquarian studies; and his stores of curious learning, accurate but not academical, seem greater than might have been expected in the case of a busy newspaper writer. He has much technical as well as critical knowledge of art, and his acquaintance with dramatic performances is proved by the value of his judgments upon them in our own Journal. We do not here speak of the merits of his personal character, except with reference to those qualities, frank honesty, candour, good-humour, and



MR. G. A. SALA.



THE NILE EXPEDITION: EN ROUTE TO DONGOLA WITH THE GUARDS' CAMEL CORPS--A HALT AT AKASHEH.

SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.



universal kindness of spirit, which are equally shown in all his writings. Nothing spiteful or malicious, no unfair or unworthy insinuation, nothing wantonly injurious or recklessly offensive to any human being, can be found in any sentence from his pen, though he may probably have received as much provocation as any other successful public man. This is no slight praise, in a scandal-loving age, for a clever professional journalist with uncommon power of satire; and it may also be said of his miscellaneous productions, as happily of those of most of our best writers of the present day, that they nowhere contain the slightest hint of a suggestion injurious to moral purity, or to the delicacy which modern English literature is wont to respect and preserve.

The Portrait that we have engraved is from a photograph by Mr. Van der Weyde's Electric Light Process, Regent-street.

BIRTH.

On Oct. 26, at Chajari Entre Rios, the wife of Edward Dutton Turner, of a daughter.

DEATHS.

On the 19th ult., at 18, Granville-place, Portman-square, Edith Mary Codrington, wife of Matthew Clark, Esq., and eldest daughter of the late Richard Davies, Esq., of the "Vigia," Madeira, aged 37.

On the 27th ult., at her residence, 9, Lansdowne-crescent, Notting-hill, W., Mary Ann, widow of the late Samuel Page, Esq., of Dulwich, Surrey, aged 77.

On the 29th ult., at Whitwell, Norwich, Margaret Elizabeth, the beloved wife of Stephen Leeds, aged 44 years.

* * The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORÉ'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 16, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. Is.

ANNO DOMINI, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—This great Work is NOW ON VIEW, together with other important works, at the GALLERIES, 108, New Bond-street. Ten to Six. Admission, 1s.

MONTE CARLO.—MUSICAL SEASON (CONCERTS, REPRESENTATIONS).

In addition to the usual Concerts, directed by Monsieur Romeo Accursi, the Société des Bains de Mer de Monaco has authorised M. Padeloup to arrange a Series of Extraordinary Grand Musical Entertainments (Concerts, Representations) this Winter.

The services of the following distinguished Artists have been already retained:—
Messaieurs Kreuss, Messieurs Faure,
" Devriès, " Vergnet,
" Salla, " Capoul,
" Donadio, " Biondini,
" Frank-Duvernoy, " Couturier,
" Belloc, " Villaret,
" Simonnet, " &c.
Added to which the celebrated Instrumentalists will appear:—
VIOLINISTS:
Mons. Sivori, Mons. Marsik, Miss N. Carpenter, American artiste, 1st Conservatoire Paris, 1883.
PIANISTS: Mons. Planté, Mons. Th. Ritter, Madame Essipoff.
HARPISST: Mons. Hasselmanns.

These Extraordinary Representations will be given each Wednesday and Saturday, commencing the end of January and terminating the middle of March.
The Classical Concerts every Thursday.

TIR AUX PIGEONS DE MONACO.

The opening of the Tir aux Pigeons of Monaco took place Dec. 16. The following is the Programme:

Saturday, Jan. 3: Prix de Janvier. | Tuesday, Jan. 6: Prix Jee.

The GRAND INTERNATIONAL CONCOURS will take place in the following order:—

Saturday, Jan. 10: Grande Poule d'Essai. A Purse of 2000f. added to a Poule of 100f. each.

Tuesday, Jan. 13: Prix d'Ouverture. A Purse of 3000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Friday, Jan. 16, and Saturday, Jan. 17: Grand Prix du Casino. An object of Art and 5000f. added to 200f. entrance.

Monday, Jan. 19: Prix de Monte Carlo. Grand Free Handicap. A Purse of 5000f. added to 100f. entrance.

Thursday, Jan. 22: Prix de Consolation. An object of Art and 1000f.

BI-WEEKLY MATCHES FOR PRIZES.

Jan. 24: Prix de Saint-Quentin. An object of Art, added to a Poule of 50f.

Jan. 27: Prix Yeo. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.

Jan. 31: Prix Saint-Trivier. An object of Art, with Poule of 50f.

Feb. 3: Prix Robert. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.

Feb. 7: Prix Hopwood. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.

Feb. 10: Prix Lalme. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.

Feb. 12: Prix Esterhazy. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.

Feb. 16: Prix du Comité. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.

Feb. 21: Prix Camaner. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.

Feb. 24: Prix Drevon. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.

Feb. 28: Prix Dori. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.

Mar. 3: Prix de Mars. A Purse of 500f. and a Poule of 50f.

Mar. 7: Prix Patton. An object of Art and a Poule of 50f.

Mar. 10: Prix W. Call. A Purse of 500f., added to a Poule of 50f.

GRAND CLOSING PRIZES.

March 12 and 13: Grand Prix de Clôture. A Purse of 4000f. added to 100f. entrance

Second Prize, 1000f.; Third Prize, 700f.; Fourth, 200f.

A. BLONDIN, Secretary.

NEWS FROM NICE.—The weather is really splendid, the temperature ranging from 60 deg. to 65 deg. in the shade. The sun shines almost perpetually, and the influence of warm rays makes life enjoyable to all, and more especially to those who have by illness or otherwise sought its influence.

There has been an almost entire absence of rain for several months, but this has not interfered with the sanitary arrangements of the city, as its streets and roads are daily watered from the mountain stream of the Vesubie, which is also used for flushing the drains, which are, in addition, cleansed or disinfected by purifying chemical compounds.

The streets, now brushed daily, were never so clean and tidy, which fact, perhaps, accounts for the total absence of epidemics; and the average mortality of the city is less than many fashionable towns in England.

The Italian Theatre, a very handsome building, has been reconstructed and enlarged, and a grand ball of inauguration will be given in February.

The Casino Theatre is giving its entertainments; and the Théâtre des Français, of which Mr. Cortelazzo is the able Director, has an excellent Troupe de Comédie, as also some star artistes for the Opera Comique.

The Jetty Promenade, grace to an arrangement at last effected between the Fire Insurance Company and the Directors of the Pier, is, they say, to be immediately rebuilt. The Races will take place in February. The renowned Carnival will surpass all others, and the Regattas will form an important part of the attractions, particulars of which anon.

The visitors are daily arriving in increased numbers, and those English who were too timid to pass through Paris, have nevertheless found the means of coming on here by way of Amiens, Reims, and Dijon; while several who from fear fled into Switzerland during the panic are now en route to this bright and sunny land.

Nice, Dec. 8, 1884.

BANK OF NEW ZEALAND
(Incorporated by Act of General Assembly, July 29, 1861).

Bankers to the New Zealand Government.
Capital subscribed and paid up, £1,000,000.
Reserve Fund, £625,000.
Head Office—Auckland.

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In Australia—Melbourne, Sydney, Newcastle, and Adelaide.
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This Bank grants Drafts on all its Branches and Agencies, and transacts every description of banking business connected with New Zealand, Australia, and Fiji on the most favourable terms.

The London Office RECEIVES FIXED DEPOSITS of £50 and upwards, rates and particulars of which can be ascertained on application.

F. LACKWORTH, Managing Director.
No. 1, Queen Victoria-street, Mansion House, E.C.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO?
Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain Sketch, 2s. 6d.; Colours, 7s. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 3s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid Gold Ring, 18-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 6d.

T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF STATIONERY
contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 500 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.

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VISITING CARDS by CULLETON.—Fifty best quality, 2s. 8d., post-free, including the Engraving of Copper Plate. Wedding Cards, 50 each, 50 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 13s. 6d.

T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

ILKLEY WELLS HYDROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT
and HOTEL, renovated and refurbished, offers a delightful winter residence. A conservatory, covering 900 square yards, connected with the house, and commanding magnificent views of Wharfedale, has recently been added. Reduced winter terms. Address, Manager, Wells House, Ilkley, via Leeds.

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TITLEPAGE AND INDEX.

The Titlepage and Index to Engravings of Volume Eighty-five (from July 5 to Dec. 27, 1884) of THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS can be had Gratis through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, W.C. London.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT,
Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at 7.45, HAMILT. Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Speakman, Dewhurst, Willard, Clifford Cooper, Frank Cooper, Cranford, Hudson, Doone, De Solla, Evans, Fulton, Foss, &c., and George Barrett: Mesdames Eastlake, Dickens, &c., and M. Leighton. Doors open at 7.15. Box-office, 9.30 to Five. No fees. Matinees, this day (Saturday), Jan. 3, and Saturday next, Jan. 10. Business Manager, J. H. Cobbe.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.
CINDERELLA, Grand Christmas Pantomime, EVERY EVENING at Seven. Morning Performances every day at One, to which children under ten half-price. Pantomime produced by John Douglass.

EVERY AFTERNOON at THREE, EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Newly Decorated.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
TWENTIETH ANNUAL CARNIVAL OF MUSIC and FUN.
EVERY DAY at THREE. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No fees of any kind. Children Half-price to Area and Stalls. Tickets and Places can be secured at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, One Month in advance.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

Newly Decorated.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'
MAMMOTH CHRISTMAS PROGRAMME
has received the most enthusiastic approval of the Enormous Audiences which have literally packed the Great St. James's Hall from floor to gallery since Boxing Day.

TWO PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN EVERY DAY, AFTERNOON at THREE; NIGHT at EIGHT.

MASKELYNE and COOKE, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly,
give their performance twice daily during the holidays. Afternoon at Three; Evening at Eight. Mr. Maskelyne's Christmas Novelties, entitled THE FAKES OF RENAISSANCE AND THEIR BRAZEN ORACLE, introducing many Novel Effects and Startling Illusions, differing entirely in character from any previously witnessed. Stalls, 5s.; Reserved Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Balcony, 1s.

WANTED, Respectable Young Women, as DOMESTIC SERVANTS, to proceed to NEW SOUTH WALES. Passages, including Provisions, Bedding, &c., will be granted by the Agent-General in first-class steamers to approved applicants, upon payment of £2 each. An experienced Surgeon and Matron accompany each ship. The Colonial Government provides free accommodation for the Single Women during ten days after their arrival in Sydney. The next steamer will be dispatched on or about Jan. 20. Further information may be obtained at the EMIGRATION DEPARTMENT, New South Wales Government Offices, 5, Westminster-chambers, Victoria-street, Westminster, S.W.

THE JAPANESE VILLAGE,
Erected and peopled exclusively by NATIVES OF JAPAN.

will OPEN at ALBERT-GATE, Hyde Park, on SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1885, under the distinguished patronage of her Royal Highness THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN, her Royal Highness PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF LORNE, &c.

SKILLED JAPANESE ARTIFICERS and WORKERS (Male and Female) will illustrate the MANNERS, CUSTOMS, and ART-INDUSTRIES of their Country, attired in their National and Picturesque Costumes.

Magnificently Decorated and Illuminated BUDDHIST TEMPLE.
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA in the Japanese Tea-House.

JAPANESE MUSICAL and other ENTERTAINMENTS.
EVERY-DAY LIFE as in JAPAN. MILITARY BAND.

Daily from Eleven a.m. to Ten p.m., ONE SHILLING.
WEDNESDAYS, Half-a-Crown. Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

Promoter and Managing Director, T. BUCHICCIOSAN.
THE ENTIRE PROCEEDS OF THE OPENING DAY, SATURDAY, JAN. 10, will be devoted to several Charitable Institutions.

on which occasion the Charge for Admission will be Half-a-Crown.

THE POLITICAL ENTR'ACTE.

The New Year has opened without any interruption of the harmony prevailing between the two great Parties in the State. The gentlest of tunes continue to be played by the Parliamentary musicians, who are good enough to relieve the tedium of the entr'acte with a little mild orchestration. If the lion is not exactly to be found consorting with the lamb, the Marquis of Salisbury is pacifically holding holiday revel at Hatfield, and Mr. Gladstone has been celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday like the "Grand Old Man" he really is at Hawarden Castle.

December the Twenty-Ninth was, indeed, a red-letter day at Hawarden. Not only did the Prime Minister receive a hundred and fifty congratulatory birthday messages from all classes of the community on Monday, but he had the pleasure of welcoming to the castle Miss Wilson, the fiancée of his son, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, with whom and Mrs. Gladstone the young lady arrived on a visit to Hawarden. Miss Wilson is a daughter of Dr. Wilson, of Liverpool. It was observed that Mr. Gladstone looked as hale and hearty as ever when he walked from the castle to attend the early morning service at Hawarden church, the bells of which blithely rang out in celebration of the Premier's birthday.

The Earl of Rosebery, it is to be feared, has not met with much encouragement in his attempt to persuade the House of Lords to reform itself. The published answers to his Lordship's circular would undeniably have had the effect of damping his reforming ardour, if he had not been blessed with a native cheeriness worthy of Mark Tapley himself. To Time may the noble Earl leave it to effect the changes needful in the Upper House.

No member has a profounder knowledge of the deplorable way in which public time is wasted in the House of Commons than the first Ministerial "whip." Lord Richard Grosvenor's pregnant remarks at Dorchester on Tuesday were, accordingly, well worth notice. Not without reason did his Lordship jocosely lament the absence of a Factory Act for regulating the hours of attendance in the House; for, as he said, seventy hours' work a week is nothing to members who do their duty. It is nothing less than a scandal that, notwithstanding the amount of time thus consumed, there should be such a beggarly array of measures of moment at the end of the Session. As Lord Richard Grosvenor pointed out, the present year must be devoted mainly to the passing of the Redistribution Bill. But the energy and spirit displayed by the youngest members of the House hold forth every promise that the next Parliament will promptly effect that rational alteration in its rules which will put a stop to obstruction, and enable the House to transact the business of the nation with adequate dispatch and efficiency.

The readers of Mr. Mason Jackson's "History of the Pictorial Press" have learnt that the business of preparing blocks of boxwood for the engravers is of essential importance to the production of such a Journal as the *Illustrated London News*. A manufacturer of boxwood blocks and other engraving materials and implements, Mr. E. Badoureaux, in St. Bride-street, Ludgate-circus, has issued a calendar for the year 1885, accompanied by a view of the interior of his own workshop, very cleverly drawn, with a portrait of Mr. Badoureaux himself. This is not only interesting to his customers, but gives a lively idea of the manner in which the work is carried on.

MUSIC.

The Christmas performance of "The Messiah" given at St. James's Hall by Mr. W. G. Cusins, last week, was generally of high efficiency. Miss Griswold, the accomplished young American soprano, sang with great effect in the bravura song "Rejoice greatly," and in the pathetic airs "Come unto Him" and "How beautiful," and in the several incidental recitatives. Mr. Sims Reeves gave the tenor solo music of the first part with fine effect, although suffering from a cold which disabled him from singing in the second part, in which he was ably replaced by Mr. Percy. Madame Patey in the contralto music, and Mr. Santley in the bass solos, were at their best. Mr. Cusins's corrections of some misconceptions of Handel's notation and other points (as embodied in an interesting pamphlet) rendered this performance, as it did that of last year, of special interest.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's and Mr. W. S. Gilbert's "Pirates of Penzance" has been reproduced at the Savoy Theatre, the characters sustained by children with an efficiency, dramatic and musical, that is truly surprising. Among those who particularly distinguished themselves may be specified:—Miss E. Joel (as Mabel), Master Tebbutt (as Frederic), Master E. Percy (as Major-General Stanley), and the two Adesons (as the Pirate King and the Policeman)—all the others indeed being good in their respective degrees.

"Pocahontas"—the comic opera produced on Boxing night at the Empire Theatre—is founded on the well-known story of the Indian Princess who preserved the life of the captive captain, John Smith, by taking him as her husband. The book (by Mr. Sidney Grundy) deals but slightly with the history, and introduces some rather incongruous comic matter. The music, by Mr. E. Solomon, is lively and tunable, without any marked originality or individuality of style. The characters of the heroine and the hero are well sustained, respectively, by Miss Lillian Russell and Mr. F. Celli; Miss A. Barnett, Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. H. Ashley, and Mr. R. Brough being included in the cast.

The secular music of the closing days of last year included Mr. Ambrose Austin's National Holiday Festival Concert at the Royal Albert Hall, on Boxing Day (when a selection of popular music was given by eminent artists), and the opening of her Majesty's Theatre for a series of concerts à la Julien. A good orchestra—headed by Mr. Viotti Collins as leading and solo violinist—gave effect to the instrumental selection; and vocal pieces were well rendered by Mlle. Marita, Miss A. Romaine, and Signor Foli. Mr. Odoardo Barri is the conductor, assisted by Herr Volkmer.

The earliest musical performance of 1885 was the concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society on the evening of New Year's Day, when "The Messiah" was given. A new series of Mr. John Boosey's Ballad Concerts begins this (Saturday) afternoon at St. James's Hall; where, on Monday, Jan. 5, the Popular Concerts will be resumed; as will be the afternoon performances associated with them on the following Saturday. On Jan. 23 the Sacred Harmonic Society will resume its performances, also at St. James's Hall. The twenty-ninth series of Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace will be continued on Feb. 14. The seventy-third season of the Philharmonic Society will open on Feb. 26 with the first of six concerts, all of which will be conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

On March 21, the Bach Choir (directed by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt) will celebrate the 200th anniversary of the composer's birth by a grand performance of his Mass in B minor at the Royal Albert Hall; and on the 25th of the same month the London Musical Society will give the first of two concerts at St. James's Hall. Mr. Carl Rosa will open a new London season of eight weeks at Drury Lane Theatre on Easter Monday—his scheme including the production of a new opera, composed for him by Mr. A. Goring Thomas, and of the English version of M. Massenet's "Manon."

The Richter concerts will open a new series of nine performances at St. James's Hall, on April 20; and Mr. H. Leslie's choir will begin a new season on June 4; again conducted by him. The choir, it will be remembered, was disbanded after its twenty-fifth season, and was then reorganised, with Mr. Randegger as conductor; Mr. Leslie resuming that office in the forthcoming series.

There will be celebrations of the bicentenary of the birth of Bach and Handel, who were both born in 1685; but the most important will be the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, on June 19, 22, 24, and 26. This will be held in anticipation of its regular triennial recurrence, which would properly be in 1886; a deviation which is appropriate under the circumstances.

Mr. W. Carter's National Festival Concerts at the Royal Albert Hall—on Jan. 26, Feb. 14 and 28, March 17, and April 23—will be among the specialties of the year.

It would be premature as yet to speak of Italian opera performances, as no reliable specific information will be available for some weeks. There can be but little doubt, however, that London will not be without such an invariable important feature of the season. As to German opera, any renewed scheme seems to be more than doubtful.

The production at the Savoy Theatre of the new comic opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. W. S. Gilbert will be looked for with great interest. The date of the event cannot yet be given, but it is to be hoped that it is not far off.

There will be three great provincial festivals this year—at Birmingham at the latter end of August, at Hereford in September, and at Bristol at a subsequent period. The first-named occasion will derive especial importance from the production of Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita," and new works by Herr Anton Dvorák, Mr. A. C. Mackenzie, Mr. C. V. Stanford, Mr. F. H. Cowen, Mr. T. Anderton, and Mr. E. Prout.

The above will be among the most important musical events of 1885—many other performances of more or less interest being doubtless forthcoming.

The Marquis of Ripon has been elected president of the Ripon, Harrogate, and Claro Agricultural Society for 1885.

The Queen has presented £20 to the funds of the Book-sellers' Provident Institution, through Sir Henry Ponsonby. Her Majesty has been the patron of the society since 1868.

In answer to the Lord Mayor's appeal in aid of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund, the following sums, among others, have been received:—Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons, £250; Messrs. Baring Brothers, £250; Messrs. Glyn, Mills, and Co., £105; the Clothworkers' Company, £105; Messrs. Smith, Payne, and Smith's, £105; Messrs. J. and R. Morley, £105; the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, £105; Messrs. Barclay, Bevan, and Co., £100.

The Christmas number of the *St. Stephen's Review*, entitled "St. Stephen's Saturnalia," presents a handsome appearance, while a judgment as to its literary contents may be formed from the fact that Lord Lytton, Lord Carnarvon, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson are among the literary contributors. There are clever pencil sketches by Wallis Mackay, Tom Merry, George Cruikshank, Phil May, and other skilled artists; and there is a coloured group, "The Stores—their Votaries and their Victims," by Harry Furniss.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.

The Disestablishment of the Protestant Irish Church has enabled its members, clergy and laity, to enjoy the free exercise of their suffrages in the choice of a new Archbishop to fill the place of Dr. F. C. Trench. The joint Synods of Dublin, Glendalough, and Kildare, consisting of 262 clergymen and 480 laymen, are empowered, voting together, by a two-thirds majority, to elect an Archbishop who is to be Bishop of the three Episcopal Sees. If no person obtained the requisite two-thirds majority of each order, three candidates were to be nominated, of whom one would be selected by the Bench of Bishops. At the first polling, the votes were divided between five or six leading candidates, and a second poll was taken, in which the Right Rev. Lord Plunket, Bishop of Meath, obtained a decisive majority; and the result is generally approved. The new Archbishop is eldest son of the third Lord Plunket, by marriage with Charlotte, daughter of the Right Hon. Charles Kendal Bushe, and was born in 1828. He graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1853. He was ordained in 1857 by the Bishop of Tuam. From 1858 till 1864 he was Rector of Kilmoylan and Cummer, and he was afterwards successively chaplain and private secretary to the Bishop of Tuam, treasurer of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, and precentor of St. Patrick's. Dr. Plunket succeeded to the Peerage in 1871, and was consecrated Bishop of Meath in 1876. The first Lord Plunket was so created in 1827, on being appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was afterwards Lord Chancellor of Ireland. His eldest son, the second Peer, who died in 1866, was consecrated Bishop of Tuam in 1839. The new Archbishop married, in 1863, Anne, only daughter of the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, M.P.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Chancellor and Son, of Dublin.

THE CHURCH.

Both Houses of Convocation will meet on Tuesday, Feb. 10, for the despatch of business.

A new organ, costing £1200, has been presented to Welshpool parish church by Lord Powis.

Colonel Brooksbank, J.P., has provided a peal of bells for St. Andrew's Church, Middleton, Yorkshire.

A carved oak pulpit has been erected in St. Andrew's Church, Redruth, to the memory of the late Dr. R. S. Hudson.

The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, Vicar of Christ Church, Hampstead, has been appointed to the vacant deanery of Gloucester.

The Durham Diocesan Church Building Society's fund amounts to £34,000. It is intended to erect twenty-five new churches, and four have already been built.

The Temple Church is open to visitors daily (Saturdays excepted) from ten to one and from two to four o'clock. No fees are to be paid for viewing the church.

The Church of St. Matthew, Campfield, erected in 1824 from designs by Sir Charles Barry, was reopened last week, after renovation and enlargement at a cost of £1400.

At the annual general meeting of the Hospital Sunday Fund it was resolved that June 14 should be the Hospital Sunday in 1885. The total amount of the fund for 1884 was £35,329, and the working expenses had been £1236.

A new mission church has been opened at St. Mawes, near Falmouth, by the Bishop of Truro. The building is Early English in character, and has been erected, at a cost of £1500, from designs by the Rev. C. W. Carlyon, the Rector.

The controversy between the Chapter and the Restoration Committee of Peterborough Cathedral has been terminated by the former agreeing to the tower being raised a single stage of the Norman arcading, provided funds are forthcoming.

The golden wedding of the Bishop of Salisbury was celebrated on Monday and Tuesday, last week. The members of the prelate's family presented him with a gold cross. His Lordship, who is in his eighty-first year, is in excellent health.

The chancel of St. Andrew's Church, Ashley-place, Westminster, which has been closed now for some weeks, is to be reopened on Sunday (to-morrow). The new work includes a beautiful oak reredos, richly decorated. The pictures in the reredos were given by friends in memory of the late Mrs. William Paget, of Ashley-place.

The Bishop of Newcastle yesterday week consecrated a church dedicated to St. George, at Cullercoats, Newcastle, erected, at a cost of £21,000, "to the glory of God, and in memory of his beloved father, George, the fifth Duke of Northumberland, by Algernon George, sixth Duke of Northumberland," as stated in a tablet in the church.

The monument erected in St. John's Church, Westminster, to the memory of its late Rector was unveiled last week by Mrs. Wylie, in the presence of the committee, members of the clergy, and friends. The inscription is as follows:—"In memory of the Ven. John Jennings, M.A., Archdeacon of Westminster, for fifty-one years Rector of this parish. Died March 26, 1883, in the eighty-fifth year of his age."

The Sunday morning services in Westminster Abbey will be conducted as follows:—On the 4th, by the Rev. E. Price; on the 11th, by the Rev. J. L. Davies; on the 18th, by the Rev. Dr. Watson; and on the 25th, by the Rev. F. K. Harford. In the afternoons, the Rev. Canon Wescott will be the preacher. On Monday, the 12th, a Preparation Service for the West London Mission will be held. Holy communion at 7.30 a.m. Special service and address by the Rev. J. H. Lester at 7.30 p.m., in the Choir.

A beautiful window, by Meyer, of Munich, has been placed in the Cathedral of Cape Town in memory of the Right Rev. Henry Alexander Douglas, Bishop of Bombay, formerly Dean of Cape Town, by Miss Mary Aitken, the foundress of the St. George's Orphanage.—The fine old Norman church of Shoreham has received an addition to its painted glass of a window, from the studio of Mr. Taylor, of Berners-street, the gift of Dr. Harris Smith, the Vicar.—A handsome stained-glass window, representing the Angelic Host Adoring the Agnus Dei, has been placed in the Church of St. Michael, Louth. The funds were provided by the congregation as a memorial to a former parishioner and earnest church worker, and the design has been successfully carried out by Messrs. Mayer and Co.—Captain M. H. Bird, of East Somerton Hall, Norfolk, has presented a three-light stained-glass window, depicting the Ascension, to the church of Little Waltham, Chelmsford.

Baroness Willoughby has directed that £100 shall be distributed in blankets and coal amongst the poor on her Denbighshire and Carnarvonshire estates.

A "treat," consisting of a magic lantern entertainment, a concert, and other amusements, was provided on Monday night for the patients at the University College Hospital, by the Sisters and medical officers of the institution. Within the past year 26,894 patients have been relieved by the hospital, at a cost of £190,000, of which only £6000 was a trustworthy income from dividends and annual subscriptions. Stock has already had to be sold.

THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION.

A telegram of Dec. 19 from Major-General Sir Peter Lumsden, the British Commissioner for the survey and local definition of the north-west boundary of Afghanistan, now sojourning at Bala Murghab, between Herat and Maimene, reports that the party are all in good health, and that "the climate is perfect." They will have to wait about two months for the arrival of the Russian Commissioner, General Zeleny, before commencing the task, which is likely to occupy the whole of next year. The Ameer of Afghanistan has strongly protested against the Russian occupation of Puli Khatoun. We present two more Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, who accompanies the British Commissioner in this interesting expedition. The journey from Teheran to Meshed, performed entirely on horseback, occupied twenty-nine days, from Oct. 2 to Oct. 31, the distance being, we suppose, about seven hundred miles. At Miandasht, on the boundary of the province of Khorassan, special tokens of consideration for the European travellers, who reached this place on Oct. 19, were provided by the Governor-General's orders. The scene of the "Korbanieh," represented in one of our Artist's Sketches given this week, is described by him as follows:—

"The word korbanieh means the act of sacrificing, and it seems to be a common ceremony practised in Persia. When any one is ill, a sheep is sacrificed to ensure recovery. On this occasion, when Sir Peter Lumsden was arriving at Miandasht, a number of people belonging to the place stood in a row on the left; and we saw three men in the middle of the road with a sheep. As we neared them, one of the men, who had a knife, cut the animal's throat, and severed the head, which he lifted, and throwing it high in the air, it fell at the side of the way. The right thing to do is to ride past between the body of the sheep and the head, which Sir Peter did, the people to the left bowing their heads and salaaming as he passed. We understand that, if the person in whose honour the sacrifice was performed had been a Persian, he would have stopped his horse close to the sheep, when it would have been killed close to the horse's feet, and some of the blood would have been sprinkled on the hoofs. The people understanding that this part of the operation might not have been agreeable on the present occasion, it was dispensed with. The ceremony was repeated next day on Sir Peter's arrival at Abbasabad. At none of the towns on our coming from Teheran was this done till the arrival at Miandasht. It may be assumed that the rite is a survival from the pre-Mohammedan period, for it does not seem to belong to the simplicity which characterises the worship of Islam."

The gentleman on the right of Sir Peter Lumsden in our Engraving is the Nawab Mirza Hassan Ali Khan, C.I.E.; and the rider on the left is the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News*. The other Sketch now presented is that of the Reception of General Lumsden at Meshed on Oct. 31. Mr. Simpson writes of this:—"Sir Peter Lumsden arrived with his party, which consisted of Mr. Alexander Condie Stephen, Assistant Commissioner Captain Barrow, A.D.C., the Nawab Mirza-Hassan Ali Khan, and Mr. A. Finn, Consul of Resht. As they neared the Holy City of Meshed, officials of various ranks, accompanied by numerous attendants, rode out to meet the party. About two miles from the city, a carriage came up, with horsemen, foot-runners, and a numerous retinue. In the carriage were the Governor of Tabbas and Sertip (Colonel) Abdullah Khan. These officials came out, shook hands with Sir Peter, and invited him to ride in the vehicle, as it had been sent for him by the Governor-General. There were carriages for the rest of the party, and they all moved towards the city, accompanied by the large mass of people who had come out. The Governor-General had arranged a very handsome set of his own tents in a garden for Sir Peter Lumsden and the others of the party, a matter in which your Artist was not forgotten. A magnificent breakfast was ready, prepared by the Governor-General's cook; a military band was in attendance; the whole arrangement was quite princely in its character, and shows that the Governor-General of Khorassan wishes to be a friend. I had the pleasure of an interview with him, when he gave me a sitting for his portrait; Mr. Consul Finn went with me to interpret for me, and I found the Governor-General all that he is credited with for shrewdness and sagacity." The portraits of Abdul Wahab Khan, Governor-General of Khorassan, and those of other high official personages, appeared in our last.

We shall give further illustrations of what our Artist saw in Khorassan, which is a country of much importance in the politics of Central Asia.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LABALMONDIERE, C.B.

The retirement of Colonel Labalmondiere from the office of Assistant Commissioner of Police has caused a general feeling of regret among the members of the force, and this feeling is shared by the public. For more than a generation Colonel Labalmondiere has been connected with Scotland-yard; and throughout his official career he has been distinguished for courage, energy, and sound judgment which have done good service, and have won him the esteem of all.

Colonel Labalmondiere was educated first at Eton, and afterwards at Sandhurst, where he passed out first, with honours in three extra subjects. He joined the 83rd Foot in 1833, served in the Canadian Rebellion, and as a young ensign was thrice selected to carry despatches. Employed in 1848-9 in Ireland on special duty under the Poor Law Commissioners during the famine, he gave valuable evidence before committees of both Houses of Parliament on the subject; and it was on testimonials received from these services that, whilst serving with the 83rd in India, he was in 1850 appointed by Sir George Grey as Inspecting Superintendent of the Metropolitan Police, an office then just created. In 1856, when the staff of the police was reorganised, he was appointed Assistant Commissioner under Sir Richard Mayne, a post he has held ever since. During many years of this time, his responsibilities and duties were necessarily very arduous, and his frequent employment on special work brought him prominently before the London public, and earned for him the reputation of fearlessness of character and single-minded devotion to duty. His services, which in Army and Police amounted to upwards of fifty-one years, have been rewarded by the fullest admissible pension, and being created a Companion of the Bath.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

Miss Ormerod, the entomologist of the Royal Agricultural Society, has written a letter expressing her approval of the wholesale destruction of sparrows.

Boxing Day in London was observed in a manner which custom has prescribed for this celebration. The weather was dry, but cold. Outdoor recreation, as contrasted with other Bank holidays, gave way to indoor amusements. There were 25,780 visitors to the Crystal Palace, 9826 to the South Kensington Museum, about 4000 to the Tower, and large contingents to other national institutions open to the public.

THE COURT.

Yesterday week her Royal Highness Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, attended by Miss Emily Loch, arrived at Osborne. Major-General Du Plat met her Royal Highness at Portsmouth, in her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Fullerton, and attended her to Osborne. The Queen and the Duchess of Albany drove out in the afternoon, attended by the Dowager Marchioness of Ely. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family. The Queen went out on Saturday morning with Princess Beatrice. In the afternoon the Queen drove out with the Duchess of Albany, and afterwards visited Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg, where they were joined by Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Hon. Mrs. R. Moreton, Miss Emily Loch, and Sir William Jenner, K.C.B., were included in her Majesty's dinner party. On Sunday morning the Queen and the Duchess of Albany, Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice, and Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg, and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service. The Rev. Canon Duckworth officiated. The Queen drove out on Monday afternoon with Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Prince and Princess Louis and Prince Henry of Battenberg dined with her Majesty and the Royal family in the evening. Mr. W. A. White, C.B., her Majesty's Minister at Bucharest, arrived at Osborne, and, with Vice-Admiral De Horsey, had the honour of being invited to dine with her Majesty. On Tuesday morning the Queen went out with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Duchess of Albany walked out, attended by Mrs. R. Moreton. The Queen held a Council at Osborne, at which were present Lord Carlingford, the Right Hon. Sir Richard Couch, and the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella. Lord Carlingford had an audience of her Majesty.

It is officially announced that her Majesty has given her consent to the engagement of Princess Beatrice with Prince Henry of Battenberg, third son of Prince Alexander of Hesse, who is at present on a visit at Osborne. He is the younger brother of Prince Louis of Battenberg, who is married to the Queen's grand-daughter, Princess Victoria of Hesse, and also of the Prince of Bulgaria. Princess Beatrice, the fifth and youngest daughter of her Majesty, was born at Buckingham Palace on April 14, 1857, and was baptised on June 16 in the same year. Her Royal Highness received the Order of St. Catherine from the Emperor of Russia in May, 1874, and is a member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and a Lady of the Imperial Order of the Crown of India. Prince Henry Maurice of Battenberg was born on Oct. 5, 1858, and is a Lieutenant in the 1st Regiment of Prussian Guards.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George and Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham parish church on Sunday morning. The Rev. F. Harvey, M.A., Chaplain to the Queen and Domestic Chaplain to the Prince and Princess of Wales, Rector of Sandringham, officiated, assisted by the Rev. J. Shephard, M.A., Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal (St. James's), who also preached the sermon. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, and by Princesses Louise, Victoria and Maud, were present at Divine service at Dersingham church, when the new organ, which has just been erected, was used for the first time. The service was performed by the Rev. E. W. Penny, the Vicar, assisted by the Rev. C. N. Kelly, Minor Canon of St. Paul's Cathedral, who likewise preached the sermon. An amateur dramatic performance which took place on Tuesday night in the new Sandringham Club-Room, in aid of the fund for the restoration of Wolferton church, was attended by the Prince and Princess and their family, and by a large number of the aristocracy of the county.

FASHIONABLE MARRIAGES.

On Tuesday, at Castle Ashby, near Northampton, Mr. Henry Graham was married to Lady Margaret Compton, second daughter of the Marquis of Northampton. The bridegroom was accompanied by Mr. R. Grenfell, Coldstream Guards, as best man. The Marquis gave his daughter away. The bridesmaids were Lady Mabel Compton, her sister, Miss Dallas Yorke, Miss Katie and Miss Mary Drummond, Miss Grenfell, and Miss Fane. The Dean of Worcester, uncle of the bride, officiated, assisted by the Rev. A. H. Cole-Hamilton, M.A., Rector of the parish. The service was choral.

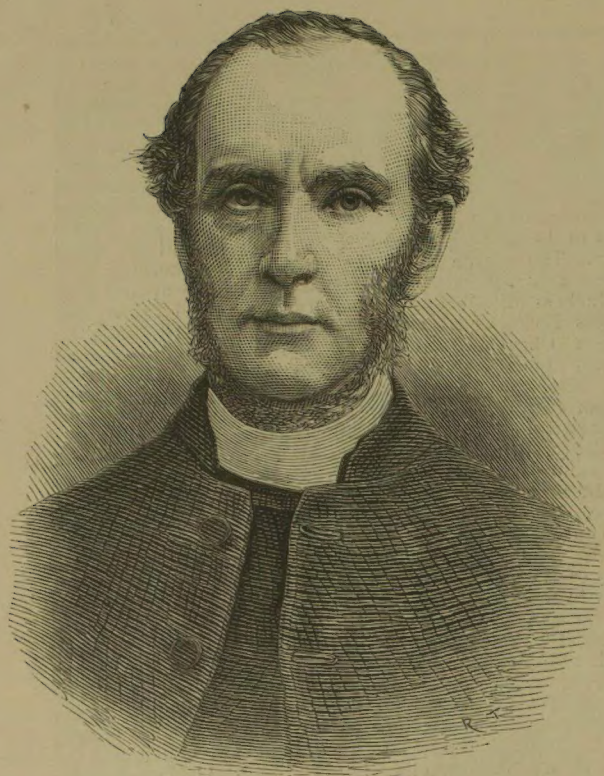
The marriage of the Rev. Walter A. Moberly, younger son of the Bishop of Salisbury, to Miss Mary A. Ellacombe, daughter of the Rev. Canon Ellacombe, Vicar of Bitton, near Bristol, was celebrated on Tuesday at the Bitton parish church. There was a choral service, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. Robert Moberly, brother of the bridegroom. The bridesmaids were Miss Annie Moberly, daughter of the Bishop of Salisbury, and four sisters of the bride. The Bishop was unable to be present.

THE LATE M. BASTIEN LEPAGE.

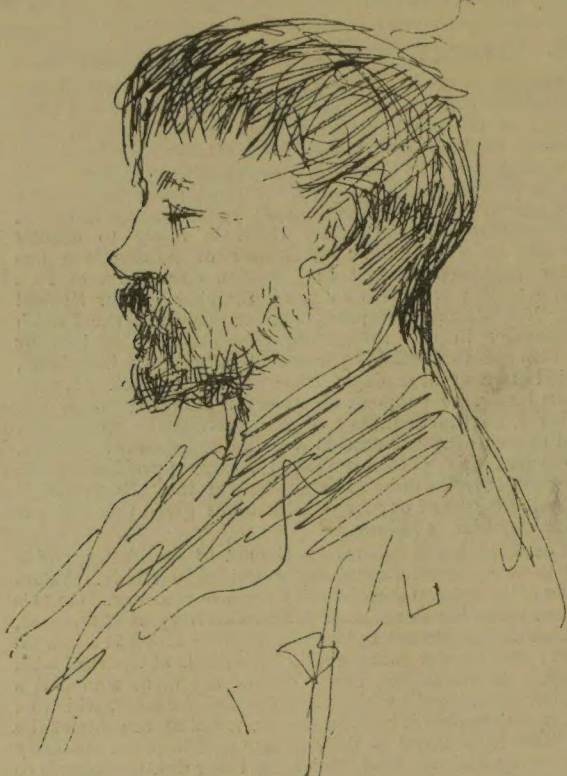
A portrait, sketched by himself, of this clever and successful French artist, who has died at the early age of thirty-six, has been placed at our disposal by one of his friends, and is reproduced on another page. The pictures of M. Bastien Lepage were much noticed at the Paris exhibitions; and their merits, in the forcible realistic treatment of historical and romantic subjects, were appreciated by public taste in its present mood. One of his most famous works, and that which gained him a popular celebrity, was the picture of Joan of Arc, the devout and patriotic heroine of the French war of liberation in the fifteenth century, a solitary peasant girl meditating in an orchard, absorbed in the vision of her miraculous call to achieve the deliverance of her native land. The last important work of M. Lepage was of a kindred inspiration, representing the Hebrew woman Judith, who killed Holofernes, the commander of an invading enemy's army, visiting him in his tent and murdering him in his sleep, as is related in one of the Apocryphal books; she is depicted by the artist coming out of a fortress and descending a ladder, to walk alone to the besieging enemy's camp. These highly dramatic themes, conceived with an ideal exaggeration of the power of intense purpose in the female mind, seem congenial to French sentiment; and the minute exactness of detail in the paintings of M. Lepage produced a strong effect of reality, which was much admired.

The Pope has appointed Monsignor Butt Bishop Auxiliary of Portsmouth.

The City Wardmotes were held on Monday, but in most cases the retiring Councilmen were re-elected without opposition. At every meeting the proposal to deprive the City of two of its representatives in Parliament was condemned.



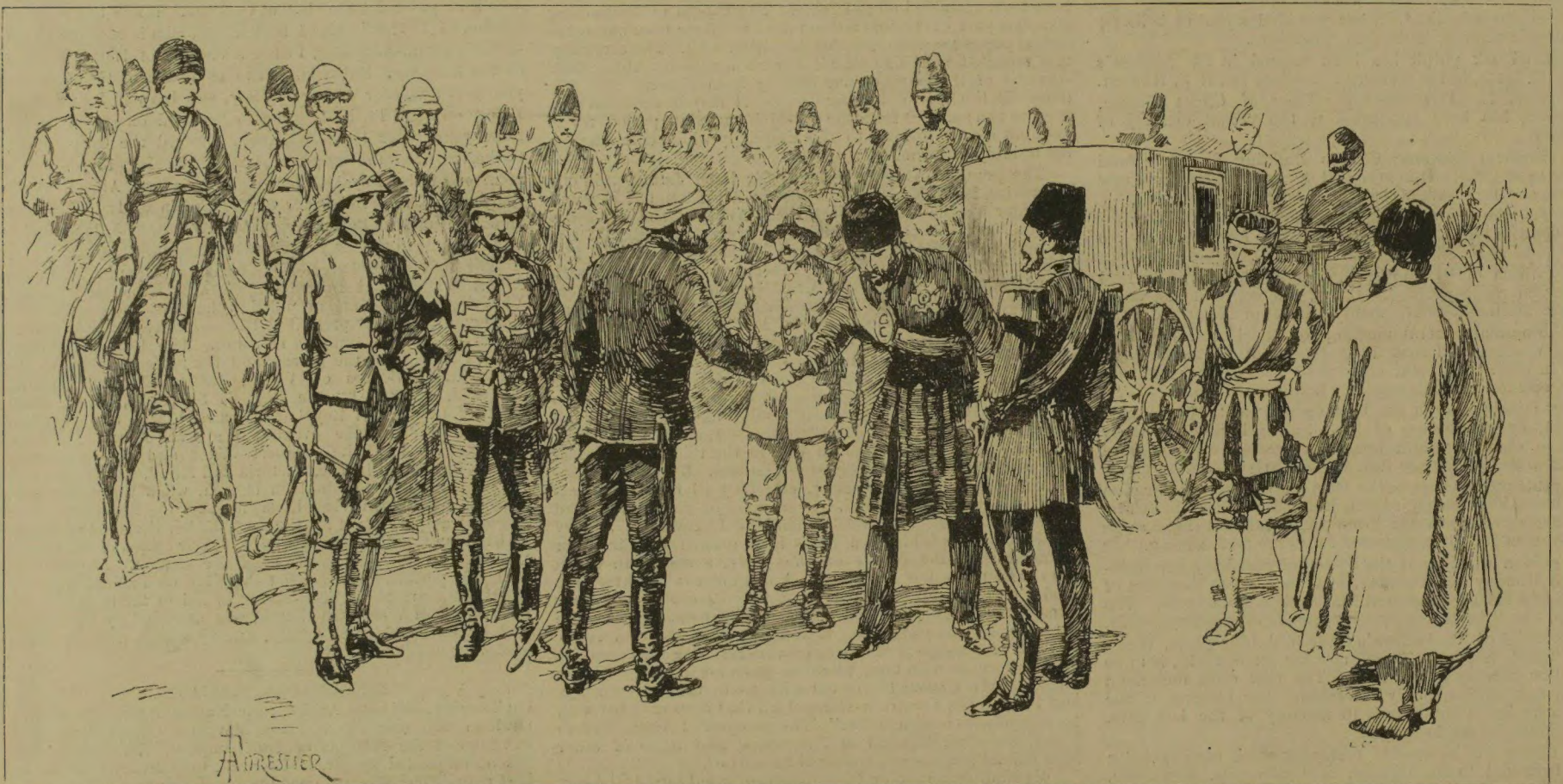
THE MOST REV. LORD PLUNKET,
THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.



THE LATE M. BASTIEN LEPAGE, FRENCH ARTIST,
SKETCHED BY HIMSELF.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL LABALMONDIÈRE, C.B.,
LATE ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE.



RECEPTION OF SIR PETER LUMSDEN AT MESHED, THE CAPITAL OF KHORASSAN.



THE KORBANIEH OR SACRIFICE OF A SHEEP, ON SIR PETER LUMSDEN'S ARRIVAL AT MIANDASHT.
THE AFGHAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. SIMPSON.



DRESSING FOR THE CHARADE. DRAWN BY E. J. WALKER.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Dec. 30.

The Parisians pride themselves on their artists, and in the modern Athens, which it is now becoming fashionable to call the modern Byzantium, a new book by a great writer, a new statue by a great sculptor, a new picture by a great painter, or a new play, becomes at once the event of the week and the absorbing centre of all public curiosity. In the press, everything is sacrificed to long preparatory articles, and everybody would wish to be amongst the privileged mortals who have the first sight or hearing of the new work. Never has this laudable curiosity been roused to a higher pitch than by the announcement of a new play by the most versatile and popular of the dramatists of the day, M. Sardou. In "Theodora," which was produced with great success at the Porte Saint-Martin on Friday last M. Sardou has attempted a reconstruction of Byzantium in the sixth century, with its artistic splendour, composed of Greek elegance combined with Asiatic richness and profusion of colour and ornament, with its turbulent populace, its chariot-races, its circus factions, its luxury and corruption, its Emperor Justinian and its courtizan Empress Theodora. In a series of tableaux, which might be called a dramatic panorama rather than an ordinary drama, M. Sardou has introduced us successively to the audience chamber of the Palace, where the Empress, reclining voluptuously on a divan-throne, receives ambassadors and dignitaries of State; to the labyrinths of the vast hippodrome, where we see a motley crowd of lion-tamers, gladiators, dancing-girls, and "swells" of the period, and where the Empress herself comes incognito to get a whiff of that odour of wild beasts and tights which reminds her of her old triumphs when she was Zoe, the circus-rider, the delight of Alexandria; to the house of Andreas, the Greek who dreams of liberating the Byzantines from empire and establishing a republic after the manner of Plato; to the garden of Styrax, with its laurel roses and distant view of the blue sea and the coast of Asia; to the imperial tribune at the hippodrome, where we see the Emperor and the Empress enthroned with unparalleled splendour; to the crypt of the palace; to the view of Constantinople in flames; and, finally, back to the belluarius of the hippodrome, where the Empress dies in the atmosphere in which she was born. Never before has such a splendid panorama been seen on the Parisian stage; the scenery, the costumes, the grouping of the characters, the general effects, as well as all the details, are of dazzling magnificence; and at the same time in perfect taste and most harmoniously composed. No one better than M. Sardou knows how to take advantage of all the resources of the arts accessory to scenic effect; and in "Theodora" he has carried all these arts to their highest pitch, and made them serve to the utmost extent the expression of the dramatist's idea. The framework may, perhaps, be found even too grandiose and too vast for the dramatic action which it surrounds and often eclipses, and for that reason I have spoken of "Theodora" as a "dramatic panorama," and referred to the splendour of the spectacle before analysing the plot.

The action of Theodora is dissipated over eight tableaux, and, from the old point of view of dramatic composition, it is rather lost in details, for many of these tableaux, interesting enough in themselves, serve only to explain the manners and customs of the epoch, and to contribute towards the panoramic reconstruction of Old Byzantium. In a word, the plot is this. The Empress Theodora, while wandering about the streets of her capital one night, falls into the arms of a young Greek, Andreas, and is smitten with a violent and exclusive love for him. For her lover she is, of course, not the Empress; she is simply Myrta, a virtuous widow, and Andreas tells his friends that he is about to marry her. During a love scene, Myrta discovers that Andreas is plotting to deprive her husband, Justinian, and herself of empire and liberty, and that he is full of hatred and contempt for that infamous Theodora whom he has never seen. At the Hippodrome Andreas recognises Myrta in the Empress, insults her publicly, is arrested, and about to be executed; but the Empress intervenes, and he escapes, and puts himself at the head of the revolt. The battle is furious, half Constantinople is burnt, but the empire is victorious, and the rebellion drowned in a sea of blood. Andreas is wounded, and lies hidden in the belluarius of the hippodrome; Theodora goes to see him; he spurs and insults her; Theodora, thinking to give him a love potion, gives him poison, and while she is rolling in despair on the corpse of her lover, the executioner arrives with orders from Justinian to strangle her. The Emperor has discovered the treachery of his wife. In this hasty analysis I have only touched upon the main points of the plot, but were I to relate the piece in detail I should want two or three columns; for, as I have already intimated, it is overcharged with detail, and with scenes and situations needing minute explanation. Let it suffice to say that certain scenes are very striking and novel, notably the love scene interrupted by the singing of the lampoon against the Empress, and the scene in the imperial tribune. The rôle of Theodora is admirably suited for Sarah Bernhardt, who is by turns a saint, a Semiramis, a Delilah, a Valerie, and a Lucrezia Borgia.

As if to make room for the absorbing topic of the new play, politics this week have been uninteresting, and few have paid attention to the discussion of the Budget of 1885. As has been the case during the past six or seven years, the financial situation remains irregular, and the Session has closed with a vote authorising the Government to take, provisionally, a milliard out of the receipts. The reckoning will come later. And now the politicians will have to devote all their attention to the forthcoming Senatorial elections, which are destined to show, in a striking manner, which way the public opinion is inclining. On Sunday, at a Revolutionary meeting held at the Salle Levis, a curious phenomenon occurred: the audience divided into two camps, elected two presidents and two bureaux, and then proceeded to blackguard each other and fight. The two camps consisted of Anarchists and Blanquists—that is to say, followers of Blanqui; and the latter were qualified by their adversaries as "Reactionaries"!

The Boulevards and all the great thoroughfares are at present occupied by booths, and sellers of all kinds of objects—toys, penny whistles, sewing-machines, old iron, and everything that can be imagined. This is the "Paire aux étrennes," or New-Year's fair, where the Parisians of modest purses buy their little presents for children and parents, presents which are accompanied by the traditional good wishes of "Bonne année, bonne santé!"

T. C.

An earthquake in Spain on Thursday night, last week, caused great loss of life. Some small towns and villages in Andalusia were almost destroyed; and the panic in Granada, Malaga, and Seville was so great that the inhabitants, apprehending further shocks, encamped in the open air. Further shocks of earthquakes are reported, and the town of Alhama, in Granada, has been destroyed, 300 persons having been killed. It is believed that 900 persons are buried beneath the

ruins of the town of Alhambra. A landslide on a mountain near Periana, Malaga, has destroyed a number of houses, whence thirty dead bodies and eighteen injured persons have been taken. The details received of the mischief done by the earthquake show that more than 1000 lives have been lost, and that two towns have been destroyed, besides numbers of buildings in towns and in the country. The Madrid Mercantile Association has opened a national fund for the relief of the sufferers from the earthquake. The King has subscribed 10,000f. Subscriptions have also been opened in Malaga and Granada, and tents have been dispatched for the use of the houseless. The King has telegraphed to the governors of Malaga and Granada, placing £100 at the disposal of each of them for the relief of the distress.

The Portuguese Prime Minister has submitted to the Chamber of Deputies the draught of certain proposed reforms in the Constitution of that kingdom. The chief proposal is that the Chamber of Peers shall in future be composed of one hundred life Peers appointed by the King and fifty elected by an indirect process.

The Standard correspondent at New York says that Governor Cleveland has promised when he assumes the Presidency to make no political removals from the Civil Service, except those who have abused their offices for partisan purposes.

The annual winter carnival at Montreal, this month, seems likely to eclipse any previous fête in America. The ice palace, which is always one of the great attractions of the week, will be this winter of striking dimensions. It is to be 160 ft. long and 120 ft. broad, and the towers of solid ice will rise to the height of 100 ft. It is also proposed to utilise the St. Lawrence extensively in the forthcoming carnival, by laying out drives, trotting tracks, and skating and curling rinks on the ice. The citizens hope to secure the presence of Prince Albert Victor of Wales during the carnival.

The Ontario Legislature will meet for the dispatch of business on Jan. 28 next.

The Standard correspondent at Durban telegraphs that the 4th Hussars, the Welsh Regiment, and the Highlanders, with a force of Artillery, are to be stationed at Newcastle, in view of possible troubles in Bechuanaland and the Transvaal. The principal burghers of Stellaland have met Mr. Rhodes, the Deputy-Commissioner for Bechuanaland, and promised him not to offer him any opposition to the passage of British troops through their territory.

An official announcement has been published at Berlin confirming the report that the German flag has been hoisted at several points of New Guinea and the New Britain Archipelago.—We learn from Melbourne that the Hon. James Service, the Premier of Victoria, has invited the Governments of the other Australian Colonies to unite in protesting against the German annexations in the Pacific.

The Agent-General for Queensland received on Tuesday the following telegram:—"McNeil Williams commuted sentence to penal servitude for life; five years in irons. Parliament prorogued. Governor yesterday. Loan, Defence, and seventh Minister Bills passed." Hugh McNeil and Bernard Williams were respectively second mate and boat-swain of the labour-schooner *Hopeful*, and were convicted of shooting natives who were attempting to escape a kidnapping crew.

DRESSING FOR THE CHARADE.

Human nature, in spite of prohibitory and repressive notions of a mistaken preciseness in morality, which confounds innocent illusion with deceit, will never cease to delight in the mimetic representation of imaginary characters and actions. The pleasure of such attempts is closely akin to that artistic impulse which inspires the creations of poetry and romance and the works of the painter and the sculptor; and one of its most wholesome exercises is the representation of domestic and social comedy. This cheerful entertainment is particularly agreeable to children, whose lively sense of humour, and quick observation and imitation of the manners of their elders, may often find harmless indulgence in performing simple little plays, turning upon an accidental mistake or embarrassing situation, without any suggestion of evil. Those who are never taken to the theatres, as is the case with many respectable families bred in strict religious opinions, are not the least willing and able to join in diversions of this kind; and the institution of Acted Charades has brought out a high degree of native talent among young ladies who would not think of disregarding parental scruples by desiring leave to accept an invitation to a box at the Court Theatre or at the Savoy. It is surprising how naturally the art of acting comes to intelligent young persons, more especially to girls, without any opportunity of witnessing its formal public performances, or any knowledge of critical rules and standards; even small children, if they are not shy and timid, will in an extemporised drawing-room or nursery performance show a wonderful vivacity and truth of expression. The merry little company whom our Artist has delineated in their nursery, putting on a variety of queer disguises, hats, big coats, shawls, collars, and neckerchiefs, one marking his upper lip with a moustache, others handling an umbrella or a walking-cane, to make an effective appearance before the Christmas party of relations and friends, seem perfectly happy. There is a word of two syllables to be guessed, one syllable at a time, from the scenes which are to be enacted; the first syllable, for aught we can see, may require that a lady and gentleman walking out together, should be caught in the "Rain," and it is well that she takes her umbrella, but they will affect the greatest discomfort and alarm when the shower is supposed to fall as they pass through the street to their shopping. It may further be conjectured that the intended second syllable is "Bow"; and that the pretty boy with the Cavalier locks, who is just now decorating his face by the aid of a hand-mirror, will then present himself as a "Beau" of the Court of Charles II., exhibiting some feats of high-flown gallantry more or less in the polite fashion of that time. They will amuse themselves, at any rate, and some of the elder folk will be pleased.

Mr. Wallis has had the honour of submitting for the inspection of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the paintings by Professor L. Müller and Carl Heffner, now on exhibition at the French Gallery, 120, Pall-mall; and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) has honoured Mr. Thomson by visiting his studio, Grosvenor-street, and inspecting his photographs, portraits, and copies of the Old Masters.

At a public meeting on Monday the Mayor of Newcastle (Alderman Stephenson), on behalf of the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society, presented a regulation aneroid barometer and a purse containing £16 to Captain Aird, a silver medal and a purse containing £4 to Mr. Munro, chief mate, and £2 10s. each to four of the crew of the English barque *Marlborough*, for rescuing the crew of a Norwegian vessel in the Atlantic on Nov. 4 last. The Norwegian ship had lain waterlogged for four days when the men of the *Marlborough*, in a rough sea and at great peril to their own lives, put off to them and rescued all on board.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF MORTON.

The Right Hon. Sholto John Douglas, twentieth Earl of Morton, Lord Dalkeith, Aberdour, and Douglas, of Lochleven, in the Peerage of Scotland, a Scottish Representative Peer, who died on the 24th ult., was born April 13, 1818, the eldest son of the nineteenth Lord, by Frances Theodora, sister of the present Lord Strathmairn. He was formerly a Lieutenant in the 11th Hussars and Colonel of the Midlothian Yeomanry. He married, first, January, 1844, Helen, daughter of the late Mr. James Watson, of Saughton; and secondly, 1853, Alice Aline Caroline, daughter of the first Earl of Durham. By the former, who died 1850, he leaves one son, Sholto George Lord Aberdour, now twenty-first Earl of Morton, born Nov. 5, 1844, who is married to the Hon. Helen Gertrude Ponsonby, and has issue. The deceased Peer succeeded his father July 12, 1879, and represented a distinguished branch of the illustrious house of Douglas.

SIR H. V. STONHOUSE, BART.

Sir Henry Vansittart Stonhouse, fifteenth Baronet, of Radley, Berks, died at Trial, U.S.A., on Nov. 13, aged fifty-seven. He was only son of Sir Timothy Vansittart Stonhouse, fourteenth Baronet, and succeeded his father Jan. 30, 1866. He was formerly Lieutenant 94th Regiment, and A.D.C. to Sir Henry Pottinger, Governor of Madras. He married, June 18, 1851, Charlotte, fourth daughter of Mr. John Beatty West, M.P. for the county of Dublin, and by her (who died Aug. 21, 1857) leaves one surviving son, now Sir Ernest Hay Stonhouse, sixteenth Baronet.

DR. LENTAIGNE.

The Rev. Joseph Lentaigue, S.J., M.A., Trinity College, Dublin, died on the 23rd ult. This estimable and accomplished divine, distinguished for his brilliant classical attainments, was born July 27, 1805, the second son of Dr. Benjamin Lentaigue, a scion of the ancient noblesse of France, who emigrated to England during the French Revolution (in which his two eldest brothers, staunch Royalists, were guillotined), and he settled in Dublin, where his eldest son, Sir John Lentaigue, C.B., a Commissioner of National Education, and for many years Inspector-General of Prisons, still resides, universally respected and beloved for his many good works, more especially for his admirable management of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools. Dr. Lentaigue was educated at Clongowes and at Trinity College, Dublin. His University career was most successful. He won many honours, and, several times, the Chancellor's prize. He was called to the Bar in 1827, and joined the North-East Circuit; but in a few years became a Jesuit, being afterwards appointed Rector of Clongowes College, and, in 1858, Principal of the Order in Ireland. Some time after, he visited Australia to found the Mission there.

SIR G. RODNEY MUNDY.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Rodney Mundy, G.C.B., who died recently, was the second son of General Godfrey Basil Mundy (of the Munds of Shipley), by the Hon. Sarah Brydges, his wife, youngest daughter of the celebrated Admiral, Lord Rodney. He served at the siege of Antwerp, in the Baltic, during Russian War; subsequently on the Mediterranean, North American, and West Indian Stations; and at Portsmouth, as Commander-in-Chief, 1872-5.

MR. CONINGHAM.

Mr. William Coningham, for many years M.P. for Brighton, died on the 20th ult., at Kempton, aged seventy. He was son of the Rev. Robert Coningham, of the county of Londonderry, and was, in early life, in the 1st Light Dragoons. In 1847 he unsuccessfully contested Brighton, and in 1852 the city of Westminster; but in 1857 he secured his first election for the former, always supporting Liberal measures. He married, in 1840, Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. William Meyrick.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D., F.R.S., Edinburgh, the author of several theological works, aged seventy-six.

Mr. John Samuel Bowles, of Milton Hill, Berks, J.P. and D.L., High Sheriff 1852, on Christmas Day, aged sixty-nine.

Mr. James Balfour (the father of Mr. Spencer Balfour, M.P.), an old and staunch Liberal, recently, at the age of eighty-eight years.

The Rev. William Parker, M.A., one of the oldest beneficed clergymen in England, in his ninety-second year, having held Comberford Rectory, near Pershore, for fifty-eight years.

The Right Rev. Dr. Fuller, recently, in Canada, at the age of seventy-five. He was Archdeacon of Toronto from 1867-75, in which latter year he was appointed first Bishop of Niagara.

The Marquis de Fortunato, on the 28th ult., at his lodgings in Pall-mall. The Marquis was well known in diplomatic circles from his residence in London as the accredited servant and friend of the ex-King and Queen of the Two Sicilies.

Dr. William Marshall, who was for several years the medical attendant of the Queen and Court, on the 29th ult. At his funeral, near Crieff, Perthshire, on Tuesday, Dr. Profeit attended, by command of the Queen, and laid on the coffin wreaths of immortelles sent by her Majesty and Princess Beatrice.

Mr. Rothery concluded an inquiry at Aberdeen last Saturday into the cause of the foundering of the steamer *Thames*, on a voyage from Aberdeen to Dronheim, and the loss of thirteen lives. The judgment of the Court was to the effect that the loss of the ship was due to her having been overlaid, unseaworthy, and scantily manned.

The Postmaster-General has issued the following notification:—On and after Jan. 1, 1885, forms of certificate will lie on the Post Office counters, and anyone bringing a parcel to post, if he desire a certificate, may fill up one of these forms with the name and address of the person to whom the parcel is directed, when it will be the duty of the officer in attendance to stamp the form with the office stamp. This certificate, it must be clearly understood, does not indicate that any liability attaches to the Postmaster-General in the event of loss or damage. A list of parcels, where more than one parcel is brought by the same person, may be similarly prepared beforehand, or at the counter by the person posting the parcels, and presented to be stamped with the office stamp. This will obviate the necessity in such cases of filling up a separate form in respect to each parcel.

NEW BOOKS.

A few delicate illustrations give additional charm to *A Lady's Ride Across Spanish Honduras*: by Maria Soltera (William Blackwood and Sons), a volume sufficiently charming as a narrative merely, though it would have been all the better for a little map, if not a little index also, and though the last few extracts from the lady's journal are naught. The great charm of the narrative is its perfect ingenuousness; it is a simple story of a perilous journey (perilous, that is, for a "lone woman") courageously undertaken and accomplished, of a bitter disappointment after all, of faith misplaced, and, nevertheless, of the spirit of suspicion exorcised by the kindness met with in quarters where the recipient had no reason to expect more than conventional expressions of sympathy, a smooth stone instead of bread. The lady, an English gentlewoman of good connections, a governess by profession, with a very small amount of capital, was tempted to make the long and costly, as well as the adventurous and even dangerous pilgrimage from Sydney, New South Wales, to San Pedro Sula, Honduras, and found that she had been lured on by false pretences to take the principal part in what may, without offensive allusion, be called a wild-goose chase. It really turned out that a reverend gentleman, who was "given to liquor," and who may or may not have had a right to the style and title he had adopted, had thought it worth his while to bring the lady all that long distance in order to make a good thing out of her, as he hoped, and out of the little money she evidently possessed. She was to have the superintendence of a school which was "being erected for the colonists' children at San Pedro Sula," a guaranteed salary, and a "plantation": what she got was a very hard and by no means safe ride over hundreds of miles, a severe blow in the face (figuratively), a taste of semi-starvation, a touch of fever, a heavy pecuniary loss, and a hint that the best thing she could do was to return to the spot whence she came. Readers will sympathise heartily with her; but, from one point of view, will not be sorry for the chance thus given her of telling a pitiful story; and they will learn something that may or may not astonish them about British enterprise and honesty (or the contrary) in the matter of the Honduras Railway. Spanish Honduras, of course, is meant; British Honduras is "another pair of shoes" altogether.

Whenever a book—especially a book of travel—has an index, the fact should be conspicuously and gratefully recorded; and so much may be predicated of *All Round Spain*: by F. H. Deverell (Sampson Low and Co.), which is a very pleasant and interesting volume written by a gentleman who, luckily for his readers, "wanted" to do a great many things and see a great many places, and insisted upon satisfying his many wants, or not a few of them. He "wanted" to make up for what he had missed on former trips to Spain; he "wanted" to be "present at the Tribunal of waters," at Valencia," to "see Elche, the City of Palms," to visit "our wonderful possession, Gibraltar," as well as "several places in Spain lying in that direction," such as Tarifa, with its women covered, as to the face, "in the Arab style," to "prospect" Estremadura, and "to inquire about the locusts said to swarm there," and about other more or less interesting matters, to go to Astorga and inspect "that curious race of people called *Margatos*," and, further, to examine "the celebrated pass of Roncesvalles, and the curious little republic of Andorra." There were, moreover, many other things that he "wanted" to do; and he seems to have done them all. Thus, he journeyed by anything but the straightest and shortest road into Spain, turning away from the direct route, because he "wanted to see" a French place or so, such as Avignon. As regards Spain itself, his course took him north, south, east, and west, so that there is not much exaggeration about the title he has chosen, a title which will be amply justified in the eyes of any reader who takes the pleasure rather than the trouble of consulting the auxiliary map. For so complete is the volume, that there is stowed away in a pocket (let into one of the covers) a most elaborate map with a conspicuous red line to mark the circuitous nature of the author's travels. The tour, as it is most appropriately termed, was a very interesting one, a fact which the hints already given will suffice to make clear to the most exacting and suspicious of readers; and it is very probable that the author's manner of relating his experience will meet with general and cordial approbation. He concludes with a statement of the apprehensions which appear to have been continually occurring to him and spoiling his enjoyment; apprehensions concerning the friends he had left behind him, with whom he found it impossible to keep up communication, and who, when he returned home, might have been sleeping their last sleep for a comparatively long, long while without a word of information to keep him from cherishing vain hopes. Such apprehensions, no doubt, are felt by all travellers occasionally; though they are seldom expressed in books of travel. In these days of universal newspapers, however, it is pretty certain that, if "anything should happen" to any friend or acquaintance, you will have had at least the opportunity of becoming enlightened before you reach home again. This, of course, is but cold comfort; for we must, many of us, have known what it is to see some sad announcement in the columns of a newspaper read in solitude—or worse, among a throng of people who "knew not Joseph"—at a foreign inn, without a soul to understand or sympathise.

More reasonable fare than Mr. A. H. Bullen has provided in *A Christmas Garland* (Nimmo) it will be difficult to find. The beautiful volume—for beautiful it assuredly is, in form as well as substance—consists of carols and poems, from the fifteenth century to the present time, with seven illustrations, quaint as the songs themselves, designed by Mr. Henry Wells. Mr. Bullen writes modestly of his book as the work of idle moments, and as laying little claim to research. It does, however, exhibit the fruits of considerable reading and of scholarly taste. The editor is a master of his subject, and writes of it with the poetical feeling that is even a rarer gift than antiquarian knowledge. In the earliest carols there is a homeliness and simplicity which may offend readers who can tolerate Quida and, perhaps, Zola. Yet the atmosphere of these plain-speaking songs is of the rarest purity. They come from the heart, and appeal to it, when the way is not choked up by the thorns and briars of conventional propriety. The reader accustomed to more artificial strains may not see the beauty of these songs at first, but it will grow upon him by degrees; and possibly he will look with something like regret to the old-world days when verses so pure and quaint were household words in England. No doubt it is a dream to imagine that the England of the fifteenth century was a happier or a better country than the much-troubled and over-worked land we know so well; but there was in those days an appearance, to say the least, of simplicity and jollity, that has vanished with the complex civilisation of which we are all so proud. Mr. Bullen's selection is divided into three parts—Christmas Chants and Carols, Carmina Sacra, and Christmas Customs and Christmas Cheer. The first part is the least familiar and the most interesting. Here are dainty lines, indeed, for readers who have ears tuned for them. If they look, for instance, at the "perfect little poem" on page 4; at the piece beginning "The moon shines bright," on page 58; or

at the lovely carol, justly praised by the editor, "As Joseph was a-walking," page 31, they will catch what one may call the key-note of these old carols. The editor inserts also, under this section, several poems of modern birth, the best of which, to our thinking, is Miss Christina Rossetti's "In the bleak mid-winter." We scarcely know why, under Part II., Mr. Bullen seems to think it necessary to apologise for inserting Milton's great "Ode on the Nativity," which contains some of the noblest stanzas to be found in this volume. His remarks upon Henry Vaughan, one of the best of our sacred poets, are eminently just. Vaughan's little volume, *Silken Scintillans*, of which a beautiful edition was published by Pickering nearly forty years ago, contains poetry of a finer order than the *Temple of Herbert*; yet the one poet is still popular, while the other is comparatively unknown. Two poems by Jeremy Taylor suffice to show how the genius of this splendid writer deserted him when he chose to cripple his free hand by composing verse. Ben Jonson, and Herrick who belonged to the tribe of Ben, are both represented here; and, under the heading *Christmas Customs and Christmas Cheer*, George Wither, one of the most fluent of poets, is seen to great advantage; but we must not dwell on the varied contents of a book which suggests not a few topics for criticism and comment. It is not a book to borrow, but one to buy; not a book for the drawing-room only, but one which merits a permanent place on the shelves of the library.

Railways nowadays sometimes bring civilisation and barbarism into close contact. An illustration of this fact may be seen in a remarkable volume, by Captain John G. Bourke, entitled *The Snake-Dance of the Moquis of Arizona* (Sampson Low). The country inhabited by this strange tribe of Indians lies west of the boundary line between New Mexico and Arizona, and between sixty and seventy miles south of the Grand Colorado. The Moquis occupy seven villages, and are known to have held their present position from the middle of the sixteenth century. If we cannot agree with Captain Bourke that they are "one of the most interesting peoples in the world," we must admit that they are one of the strangest. Every chapter in this volume is deserving of attention; but we must be content to strike at once into the heart of the narrative. There can be no doubt that the snake-dance of the Moquis has a religious signification, and is associated with the early traditions of the tribe: Captain Bourke was present at the great festival, and was told that he had seen what no stranger had ever seen before. The snake-charmers belong to a secret order, and the art they practise has never been explained. They have, it is said, medicines which they use either to tame the snakes or to render their bites innocuous, and they quiet them with rods tipped with eagles' feathers. The writer's statements with regard to drugging the snakes are a little contradictory. In one place he hints that something may be administered prior to the dance, while in another he affirms that no steps had been taken to make them harmless, and that when on the ground they often frightened the crowd of spectators by coiling themselves up to spring. Very dangerous serpents could only be managed by old and well-practised charmers, but most of the reptiles were grasped by little boys behind the head, and fearlessly carried in this way. In some of the dances several hundred venomous snakes are used, the men holding them in their hands or between their teeth, and performing the wildest antics while in this perilous position. Before the festival, Captain Bourke entered the "Estufa," where the reptiles were herded; and there he watched the men, who were "dressed" in paint, lifting the snakes, stepping upon them with their naked feet, or carrying them suspended from between their teeth. While writing down what he witnessed on the spot, the American traveller turned round, and to his horror saw a man leaning over him, and "holding in his hand the biggest snake in the whole collection, a rattler, not less than five feet. The assurance that no harm would come to me down among those Indians so long as I remained perfectly quiet and did just as they did was strongly fixed in my mind, but hardly strong enough to keep me from running up the ladder in a panic." The picture given of the naked, painted men, with heads crowned with scarlet feathers, and faces coloured black, while the neck is of a ghastly white, rattles clanking at the knees, and, to crown all, the deadly snakes held in hand and mouth, and "squirming to free themselves from restraint," is as strange as it is vivid. Verily we live in a strange world! The Moquis reside within the boundaries of the United States, and practise their horrid art at a distance of less than seventy miles from the Atlantic and Pacific railroad.

The Crown Prince of Austria is well known as a great lover of travel and of sport. A beautiful looking and brightly written volume just published, entitled *Travels in the East, including a Visit to Egypt and the Holy Land* (Bentley and Son), does credit to the ability and indomitable energy of his Imperial and Royal Highness. He was accompanied by his uncle, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and, which is a fact more important to his readers, by the artist Pausinger, who contributes more than ninety illustrations to the work. Possibly, many persons who take it up will find these drawings more attractive than the letterpress. The Prince writes with ease and vivacity. He shows much acuteness of observation and faculty of description. Occasionally there is a vein of sentiment in the narrative appropriate to the scenes he witnessed, but the writer's chief enjoyment is in sport; and wherever he goes the most prominent portion of the story is devoted to his achievements as a sportsman. When in Egypt, no opportunity was lost of following his favourite pursuit; and he records how, in the province of Fayum, in a hunting excursion of four days and a half, his party shot two lynx, seven wolves, two ichneumon, two desert hares, four pelicans, two river eagles, one carrion vulture, one African eagle buzzard, and one hundred and seventy-two head of small game. On one occasion the Prince carried a wolf upon his back; on another, in order to allure vultures, he led a sheep out into the wilderness, stabbed and disembowelled it. When his steamer stopped at Luxor, the Prince, with his companions, rode on donkeys to Karnak. "I had taken a live hen with me," he writes, "and seated myself beside one of the ancient ponds enjoying the beauty of the evening. I pinched the hen perpetually, in order that its cry might attract the wild beasts. Unfortunately, instead of jackals, some Englishmen came, who looked at me with astonishment." Which, we may add, was not surprising under the circumstances. In the Holy Land, too, Prince Rudolph indulges his ruling passion; and one evening, when the setting sun was lighting up Bethlehem, the sportsman was occupied in putting strychnine on a dead donkey in the hope of poisoning a hyena. Sad to relate, on returning the next morning the donkey had disappeared, having been carried off, it is conjectured, by a Syrian bear. The neighbourhood of Bethlehem does not seem to have been a good sporting ground; but the Prince, thanks to his strychnine, succeeded in securing a hyena, and also shot a jackal and a stork. It is scarcely necessary to add that several of the drawings illustrate this feature of the volume.

Dr. Johnson never made a greater critical blunder than in his estimate of the poet Gray; yet there was doubtless a grain of truth in one of his perverse statements. Gray, he said,

was a "barren rascal"; and assuredly, if this poet's work is precious, it is but slight in quantity. In *The Works of Thomas Gray in Prose and Verse*, edited by Edmund Gosse, in four volumes (Macmillan), we have, for the first time, a complete issue of his writings. Mr. Gosse's competence for the task will be questioned by no one familiar with his monograph of Gray—one of the most masterly biographies in the series of "English Men of Letters." Gray once confessed he did not write more because he could not. His vein was soon exhausted, and the account of the poems he produced shows how little there was of spontaneity in his work. The "Elegy," for example, which is perhaps the most popular poem in the language, was begun in the autumn of 1742, taken in hand again six years later, and finished in 1750. "The Bard" was begun in 1754, worked upon fitfully until the autumn of 1755, and completed in 1757. There is, we believe, no instance of his composing any important poem on the inspiration of the moment, as Burns wrote his "Tam o' Shanter" or Byron his "Prisoners of Chillon." Extreme labour and toilsome elaboration are Gray's method; which, if it does not become the critic to grumble at, since the result is so attractive, shows at least that he did not possess the fecundity of genius which surprises and delights us in the greatest poets. As a prose writer, Gray has many claims on attention. He is a masterly critic, he may be almost said to have discovered for his countrymen the picturesque in nature—to Johnson, mountains were but protuberances—and as a letter writer he ranks with the best in our language, with his friend Horace Walpole, with Cowper, and with Byron. The recluse scholar of Pembroke was probably the most learned man of his day; in ours he lives as a great classic, secure in the "fit audience" a poet loves. Mr. Gosse has done all that knowledge and diligence can do in building up this monument to Gray's genius, and every lover of English literature should place these volumes on his shelves. Of matter actually unprinted before, this edition contains comparatively little, but it is no small boon to have Gray's complete works, edited with the utmost care, and in a form which will gladden the eye of the book-lover.

Mrs. Emma Marshall is an adept at the art of story-telling, and her latest tale, *In the East Country with Sir Thomas Broome, Knt.* (Seeley and Co.), will delight all readers whom her writings please. It needs a delicate and skilful hand to blend fact and fiction as the writer has done here, and how far she has correctly depicted the family life of the eloquent author of the "Religio Medici" we cannot pretend to say. Some trouble Mrs. Marshall seems to have taken to be true to the time and to the man. She has read much, but she has imagined more. The heroine, Amphyllis, is a purely fictitious character; and of the heroes, for there are two, Tom Browne, the younger, belongs in this narrative more to the author than to history; while the Puritan, Andrew Whitecock, like his kinswoman the beautiful Amphyllis, is a creation of the novelist. The story is well told. Some critics and writers of fiction have lately discovered that a plot does not signify, and that the delineation of character is the one thing necessary for success. The notion receives a practical contradiction from works of almost every distinguished novelist, and he must be either a very powerful or a very bold writer who prefers analysis to action. Mrs. Marshall's rôle is a modest one. She tries to make her characters distinct, and her plot interesting; and if no special art is displayed, her aim is successful. The pathos is unaffected, and for some of the personages who play their part on the little stage the reader's whole sympathy is awakened. Hardened though a reviewer needs must be to the sorrows of a novelist's puppets, we confess that this simple tale has touched our feelings far more than many a work of more pretension and ability. *In the East Country* is not a book for children, but no youth or maiden in the happy spring-time of life will read it without interest, and some, perhaps, not wholly with dry eyes.

"Books," said Kingsley, "are precious heirlooms from one generation to another," and his own books, poetical in feeling, wise in thought, and full of the writer's vitality, will not readily be forgotten. *Daily Thoughts Selected from the Writings of Charles Kingsley*: by his Wife (Macmillan and Co.), contains passages from MS. note-books and private letters, as well as from his published works. The volume is choicely printed, and there is a thought for every day in the year. Blank spaces are left for the reader's memoranda, which is, we think, a blunder. The book is too good to be used as a diary, and the bulk of the volume is doubled by this unfortunate arrangement. However, readers will doubtless be found in abundance who will find no difficulty in jotting down their fancies, purposes, and engagements, face to face with the genial and suggestive thoughts of the author of "The Saint's Tragedy."

A small volume of simple and graceful poems, bearing the title *Listen! Poems for the Children's Hour*, by J. E. Panton, author of "Country Sketches in Black and White," &c., has been published by Messrs. Wells Gardner, Darton, and Co. The author takes as her themes mostly natural objects and domestic joys and sorrows, many pleasant glimpses of pleasant home life being given. Besides a charming frontispiece by Mr. Frith, R.A., there are dainty outline illustrations by Messrs. Miles and Pym.

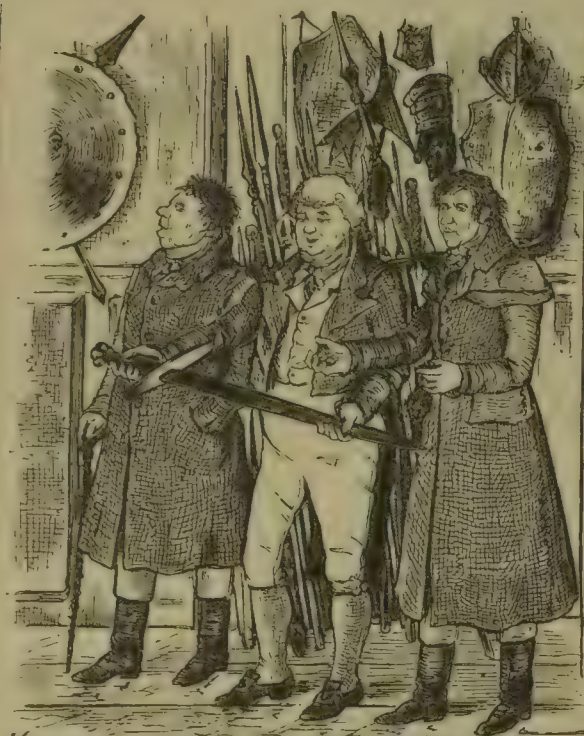
PORTRAIT ALBUMS.

Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., of Oriel House, Farringdon-street, have published a tastefully illuminated volume for photographic portraits, bearing the title "The Album of the Thames." It contains views, in natural colours, of Hampton Court Palace, Chiswick, Kew Bridge, Richmond Park, Windsor, Cliveden, Medmenham Abbey, Henley, Soming Island, Pangbourne, and Itley Mill. Verse, selected from Spenser, Mallet, Thomson, Pope, Byron, Drayton, and Denham, accompany the well-known scenes, which are supplemented by smaller pictures of objects familiar to the river and its banks. The album is handsomely bound in various leathers and ornamented with gilt clasps and other embellishments.

Messrs. Stafford and Guy, of Milk-street, have issued, very handsomely bound, a massive volume, of which the objects and the ornamental features are sufficiently indicated by its title, the "Turner Album." The selection of pictures is confined to the views of rivers and ports, twelve in number. "Scarborough," the "Mouth of the Humber," "Kirkstall Abbey," and "Dartmouth Castle" are among the chief successes of this publication. The album is issued in different styles, all handsomely bound.

The "Breanski Album," published by T. J. Smith and Co., of Queen-street, Cheap-side, contains twelve pages of facsimile water-colour drawings of picturesque scenery in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, from original sketches by Mr. Alfred De Breanski. The photographs can be inserted so as not to detract from the beauty of the drawings, while to face the latter are printed in gold the rose, shamrock, thistle, and other national flowers. The mounting and binding of the volume leave nothing to be desired.

Messrs. Turnbull publish the "Beaumont Album," which, though not illustrated by drawings as the three mentioned above are, may, on that very account, be more acceptable to the lovers of a chaste simplicity. The volume is strongly and handsomely bound, in various styles, and has a spring lock.



KNOCKLY & HADEM TWO WORTHY WARDOUR STREET BROKERS PURCHASE SOME ARMOUR FROM THAT IMPECUNIOUS OLD KNIGHT SIR ALGERNO DE LACKLAND



BEING UNABLE TO SECURE A CONVEYANCE, THEY HAVE TO CARRY THEIR PROPERTY TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE... FINDING IT RATHER HEAVY



AND THINKING IT WILL BE MORE CONVENIENT TO CARRY, THEY PUT ON SOME OF THE HEAVIEST PIECES. THEY FIND THE BREAST PLATES A LITTLE TOO LARGE



NOT BEING ABLE TO GET THE ARMOUR OFF AS EASILY AS THEY GOT INTO IT THEIR WARLIKE APPEARANCE NATURALLY ASTONISHES THE VILLAGERS



ALARM IN THE VILLAGE! SIR ALGERNO DE LACKLAND'S ARMOUR STOLEN! EXPLANATION USELESS - THEY ARE SECURED, AND REMOVED TO THE VILLAGE ROUND HOUSE.



IN DURANCEVILLE. A GOOD SAMARITAN



NEXT MORNING THEY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE SIR ALGERNO - WHO EXPLAINS MATTERS AND



ONCE MORE BIDS ADIEU TO THE BROKERS AND HIS FAMILY ARMOUR.

CLAUDE BIRN

THE NILE EXPEDITION.

Our Map of the country, mostly desert, included in the great bend of the Nile from the Sixth Cataract, below Khartoum, to Korti, the advanced head-quarters of Lord Wolseley's army, shows the route which must be taken by such part of the British force—namely, the Camel Corps and the Mounted Infantry, as is prepared to rely on land transport, and to push across the Bayuda Desert from Korti to Matammeh, opposite Shendy, which is about halfway between Berber and Khartoum. On Tuesday last, Brigadier-General Sir Herbert Stewart, with a portion of this advanced force, started from Korti on this route, which passes by the oases of Hambok, El Koweiyat, Abu Halfa, and Gakdul, at the foot of the mountain ranges called Jebel Magar and Jebel Gilif, and further along the line where the Egyptian Government once proposed to construct a railway, to reach the Nile opposite Shendy, and there to meet General Gordon descending with his steamboats from Khartoum. The distance from Korti to Shendy is estimated at rather more than a hundred and eighty miles. The favourable indications of water presented by the marks of streams, ponds, and wells, are not entirely to be relied upon, as they are often found dry even at this season of the year. At Gakdul, which is ninety miles from Korti, and is about midway of the entire route, there are good wells; and Sir Herbert Stewart will there establish a military post, for which he has taken with him a quantity of stores carried by camels. The Mounted Infantry will bring back the convoy of camels from Gakdul to Korti, after they have been unloaded, and then the Headquarters, the rest of the Camel Corps, the Artillery, and the 19th Hussars will move forward, by way of Gakdul and Shendy, to Khartoum. A garrison will be left at Korti, which will constitute the advanced base.

In the meantime, Lord Wolseley has sent this week a large detachment of troops, led by General Earle, up from Korti to Merawi, which is intended first to inflict preliminary chastisement on the Monassir tribe, between the Fourth and Fifth Cataracts, for their treacherous murder of Colonel J. D. Stewart and Mr. Frank Power. After thus dealing with the Monassir tribe, General Earle will proceed northward to Abu Ahmed, at the top of the great bend of the river, where he will cross the Nile and reopen the direct north road across the Nubian Desert to Korosko. This operation is evidently designed to prepare the line which will be taken hereafter for withdrawing our troops from the Soudan, and for the removal of the Khartoum Egyptian garrison. Korosko, as our readers will recollect, is situated in Nubia, halfway between Assouan and Wady Halfa; and the desert road between Korosko and Abu Ahmed, 270 miles in length, avoiding all the most difficult cataracts of the Nile and saving an immense circuit of river navigation, was usually preferred by ordinary travellers. It would appear, from this direction of General Earle's movement, that no attempt will at present be made to capture Berber, though it will be necessary to secure that place after effecting the relief of Khartoum, in order that the Khartoum garrison may be safely brought down the river to Abu Ahmed. Lord Wolseley expects next Wednesday to advance from Korti, with the remainder of the Camel Corps, the artillery,

and other troops, joining those under Sir Herbert Stewart at Gakdul, where two or three days' halt may be needful to complete the final arrangements. The most difficult part of the route for marching is from Gakdul to Abu Klea, there being no water for a space of forty-five miles, so that the camels will have to carry enough water for the horses and the men. Much will depend on the friendly assistance of the Kababish tribes, who inhabit the centre and south of the Bayuda Desert. The tribes of the Hassaniyeh, towards Matammeh, have been hitherto most hostile to General Gordon.

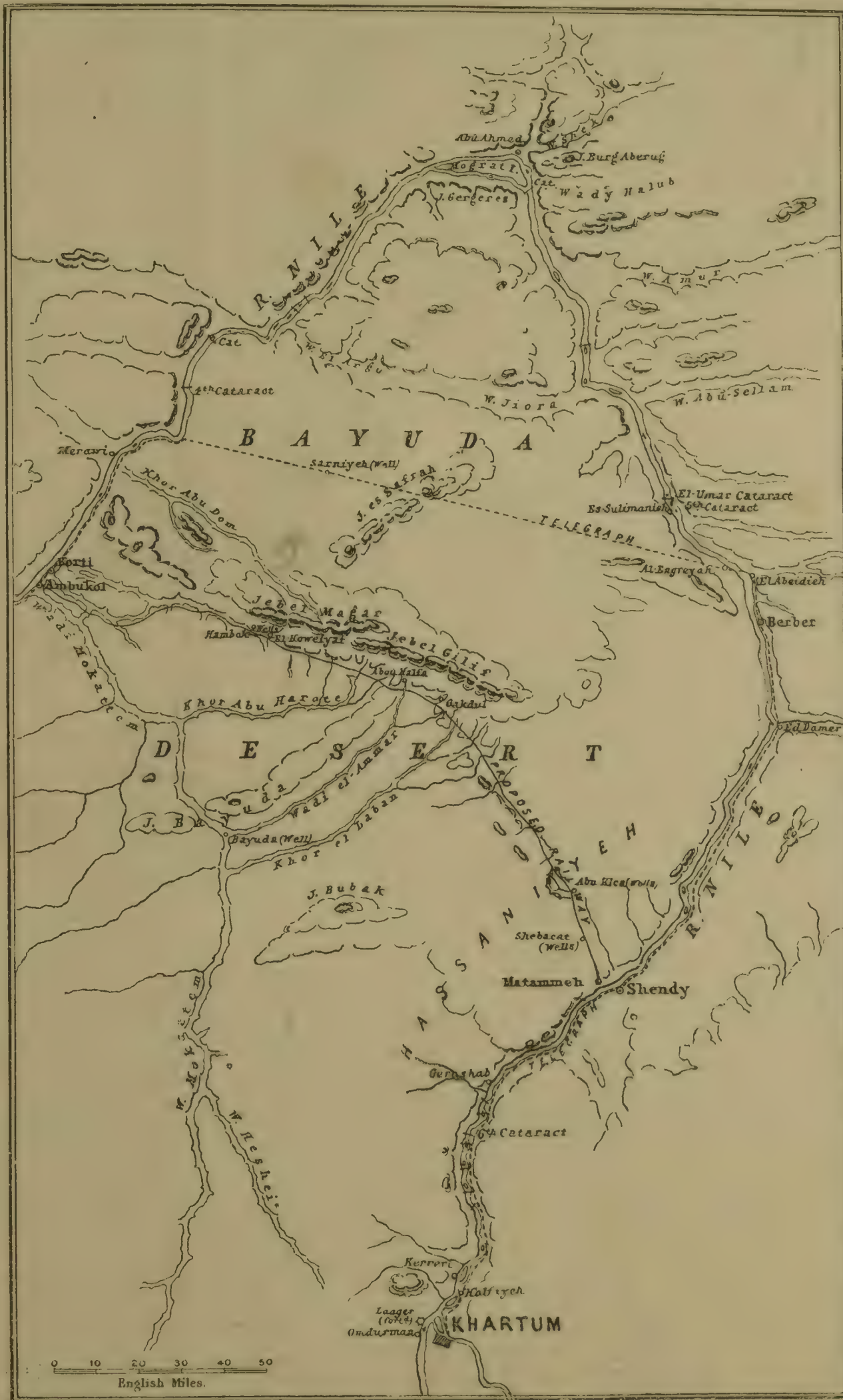
was responsible for the recent massacre of Europeans and natives coming down from Khartoum. He has a firm grip of heights where the Nile runs through a narrow ravine with precipitous cliffs on each side, and he is in the best position for harassing by frequent attacks the defenders of Omderman, a stronghold to which Gordon clings tenaciously, because it at present covers and would in an enemy's hands dominate the most exposed face of Khartoum. By all these reasons the Mahdi has evidently been influenced, and there cannot be a doubt that he has shown considerable strategical skill in electing to make Margait his head-quarters.

But native reports state this week that the Mahdi's followers are suffering much from famine, and that the dead bodies of several of their number are to be seen unburied in the surrounding country; also that the Mahdi's people are greatly discouraged by the repeated attacks of the Egyptian troops, and that many have dispersed on the news of the approach of the British; a large number of them, it is said, have entered Khartoum and have submitted to General Gordon.

The detachment to be commanded by General Earle, which started up the river from Korti on Sunday last, the 19th Hussars following on Monday along the bank of the river, and part of the Engineers riding on camels, altogether numbers 2100 men—namely, 900 infantry, including the South Staffordshire regiment, and 1500 of the Mounted Brigade, with six screw guns. The means of transport are as under:—Camels, 1800; horses, 400; steamers, two; pinnaces, two; and whalers, sixty-four. The 19th Hussars will act as scouts to the Expedition. A camp will be formed at Handab, near the Fourth Cataract, thirty-five miles above Merawi, and a hundred miles from Korti. The river movements are directed by Colonel Brackenbury, in the pinnace of H.M.S. Monarch. The South Staffordshire regiment, nearly 600 strong, is towed in fifty-two whale-boats. A large quantity of intrenching tools is taken, to be used in fortifying defensive positions.

It is expected that the whole of Lord Wolseley's force will be collected at Korti by the middle of January. The last of the Camel Corps will be there next Monday, and the Essex and Cornwall regiments of infantry by the end of next week.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, sends us from Dongola several sketches of the movements going on there when the head of the river column, including five boats with the Pioneers, under Major Doward, of the Royal Engineers, and two hundred men of the Guards' Camel Corps, marching on the river-bank, left that place for the



THE NILE EXPEDITION: LORD WOLSELEY'S INTENDED ROUTE ACROSS THE DESERT FROM KORTI TO SHENDY.

The Mahdi has taken up a defensive position north-west of Khartoum, having pitched his camp near Margait, either in the plain at the foot of Jebel Fereid or on the reverse slope of that mountain. His reasons for selecting this particular spot are obvious. Hence he can command the wells of El Goz, and to a certain extent the western route between Debbeh and Khartoum, which he doubtless supposed would first be threatened by a British advance. He can keep a watchful eye on the doubtful Hassaniyeh, Sowarab, and Hau-hau-hin tribes, whose adhesion to his cause or desertion to our side depends very much on the weakness or strength of the force we may be able to concentrate quickly about the neighbourhood of Merawi. He can, if need be, stretch out a hand to the Monassir Arabs, one of whose sheikhs

front; and of the ferrying of camels over the Nile. Much time was inevitably spent in crossing the river, whether the crossing was made at Dongola or below Dongola, at a place named Kerma, close to Abu Fatma, at the head of the Hannek Cataract. It is not easy so exactly to time a march that boats are always ready at the crossing places for the arrival of the troops on the river bank. As a rule, not more than four camels, and sometimes less, can be placed on one boat; and before entering the boats the camels must be unloaded and unsaddled, both to save damage to their saddles and burdens, and to avoid the risk of strain to the beasts themselves. A party arriving on the river bank opposite Dongola has to signal to Dongola for boats, which may not always be unemployed and ready for the ferry work. Attempts

to provide a larger ferry-boat by lashing two boats together have not succeeded, such a craft becoming unmanageable in the swift stream; and the wood of the country, very hard mimosa wood, which barely floats, has not sufficient buoyancy for rafts.

The start of Sir Herbert Stewart's advanced force, on Tuesday afternoon, from Korti, is described in the telegraphic news published on Wednesday. This force consists of 1150 men, of whom the Guards and Marines number 381, the Mounted Infantry thirty-one, the heavy dragoons ninety men, with 239 camels; the light cavalry ninety men, with 250 camels; the Royal Engineers twenty-nine men, with forty camels; the artillery, without guns, twenty men, with sixteen camels; the commissariat twenty men, and 200 natives, with 500 camels; the 19th Hussars, forty-five men and horses; the medical staff, four officers, forty-five men, and thirty natives, with ninety camels, including a section of movable hospital tents, a section of bearers, and a company of litter-bearers, with 750 gallons of water. There are nearly 2000 camels altogether. Every man carries seven gallons of water, seven days' rations, 150 rounds of ammunition, the reserve being 40,000 rounds. The Guards and Marines are to remain at Gakdul, the other troops are to return at once, bringing back the Guards' camels. Sir Herbert Stewart expected to reach Gakdul in three days, which would be yesterday (Friday) evening; and he would get back to Korti on Wednesday next. No opposition from the enemy is expected on the way to Gakdul, but General Earle's orders may not preclude him from extending a helping hand to Sir H. Stewart's column if need be. To chastise the Monassir tribe is the main object of the infantry brigade, but it is possible that Sheikh Saleiman, of Wady Gamr, may be given up by his own people, and no necessity may exist for General Earle's boats to go round to Berber. We learn that on Tuesday the Staffordshire Regiment had passed Merawi, and encamped thirteen miles from the Gerendid Cataract. The Monassir tribe are reported to be coming down to dispute the narrow pass above Dargayat.

News has reached Souakim that the Bishareen Arabs have attacked Rowayat, but suffered repulse and heavy loss at the hands of the inhabitants. General Grenfell leaves Wady Halfa for Abu Fatma, where will be the head-quarters of the Egyptian troops.

CITY ECHOES.

The closing days of the year have, as usual, been marked by firmness in the Money Market. The rates for Stock Exchange advances were $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent higher than on the previous occasion, $\frac{5}{8}$ to 6 per cent per annum being charged. The Bank of England have done a large business, and in all probability the January dividends will have been anticipated to a large extent. When this customary pressure has passed off, a renewal of the recent ease is to be expected, there being nothing in trade prospects to warrant any improvement in home demands. In America, affairs are even worse. The imports recently have exhibited a serious falling off, those for the week ended Saturday being to the value of 4,907,000 dols., or 2,500,000 dols. less than for the corresponding period of last year. These heavy decreases are no doubt to some extent explained by the unwillingness to import goods above actual needs until the President's Address, which will relieve the feeling of suspense respecting the probable reduction of import duties. The depression in trade has been most distinctly reflected in the Stock Exchange. The higher value of money has been against the Home funds and other stocks of a similar class. In Foreign bonds, however, the changes are favourable. The Vienna financial troubles caused some weakness at one time, but the tone is now more confident. Poor traffics have been mainly the cause of the depreciation in Home railways, while Americans have suffered from the continued depression in New York. Canadian also have had a sharp fall, and Mexican stocks are lower. The opening of the Mackay-Bennett cables has been followed by a considerable reduction in the market value of the stocks of the older companies; and Railway Debenture Trust and Railway Share Trust issues have been heavily sold on a circular charging the directors with serious mismanagement, which charges the directors may be said to have to a large extent acknowledged. The board ask that an independent committee shall be formed at the meeting next month to investigate affairs, and it is to be hoped that this will be done.

The directors of the Eastern Bengal Railway Company have issued their final report. The earnings for the half-year have been less than the guaranteed interest, but there are certain amounts from previous years to be dealt with, and after the payment of gratuities to officers and servants, a surplus will remain sufficient to yield a dividend of nearly 9s. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per cent.

While the gross earnings of the Scinde, Panjab, and Delhi Railway Company show a reduction of £51,642 for the six months ended June last, the saving in working expenses was only £6788; consequently the net receipts show a falling off of £44,854. The earnings are a long way off from the amount required for guaranteed interest. Intimation has been received of the intention of the Secretary of State for India in Council to purchase the undertaking in the terms of the contract at the end of the next year.

The Canadian Government agents notify that the Five per Cent Loan of 1860 will be paid off in June next. According to the *Canadian Gazette*, the Hudson's Bay Company's ship Prince of Wales, with £40,000 of furs on board, is blocked up by ice. This cargo cannot therefore come in in time to affect the next dividend.

From a statement issued by the voting trustees of the New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio Railroad Company, it appears that the amount available for the first mortgage coupon is 160,000 dols., but the directors have decided to carry forward this sum for current expenses, so that the coupon due on Jan. 1 on the first mortgage bonds will be paid wholly in deferred warrants.

The bill to be promoted next Session by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company is one of considerable importance to the preference stockholders. The power sought by the bill is to raise additional capital to the amount of £800,000, and of this £600,000 is to be in arbitration preference stock, the remaining £200,000 to be raised by mortgage. The objects of the issue are to give the holders of the Sheerness Rent-Charge Four-and-a-Half per Cent Stock a like amount of Arbitration Debenture Stock—viz., £155,556; and further, to enable the company to discharge their liability for expenditure incurred and to be incurred upon works now in progress.

During the current year, fifteen American railways have been sold under foreclosure, and, as forty-three receiverships have been appointed, the number of foreclosures in 1885 is likely to be even greater. Some four thousand miles of railway have been laid, and it is believed that the mileage next year will be added to a larger extent.

Notice has been given by the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway Company of the passing of their quarterly dividend. The last payment was in August.

T. S.

NOVELS.

Sibthorpe Manor, Fallowlands, and Carlsfort Castle, as anybody may learn from the three volumes entitled *Loyal, Brave, and True*: by Alice O'Connell (John and Robert Maxwell), were "three ancestral residences of no mean antiquity" in Thorpe-shire, a Radical county which would probably be sought for in vain upon any map whatever of the United Kingdom. Sibthorpe "alone of the three was a rich inheritance," with a lovely girl, Geraldine Sibthorpe, to inherit it; Fallowlands, a poor estate, was in the possession of a noble young man, one Donald Hartholme, a barrister; Carlsfort Castle was likely to come to Lord Cartane, of whom, being the son of the Earl of Carlsfort, "it was said in the clubs and drawing-rooms of London that, had he but money at his back, he would be at the top of the political tree," for he was (a very Conservative) member of Parliament for the borough of East Wemington; but "a succession of sporting Earls had pretty nearly drained the hereditary coffers." Now, Thorpe-shire, as has been mentioned, was a Radical county; the three ancestral residences already spoken of were the only places of consequence where the spirit of Conservatism could be expected to find a congenial home, and it was natural, therefore, that Lord Cartane should be recommended by his family to seek all he needed, a wife with beauty, riches, and everything he could desire, in Geraldine Sibthorpe. Nor was the young lord backward in coming forward; but Geraldine for some reason discouraged his attentions. And the reason is soon revealed: she was in love with Donald Hartholme, the well-born and ducally connected but exceedingly poor barrister, who is over head and ears in love with her, but too honourable to ask her, as it were, to give him her money as well as herself. She, knowing his character, makes up her mind that she will never marry, because she feels sure that he will never ask her, and, though she might ask him in the oblique but unmistakable manner in which young ladies of great tact can do such things without compromising themselves, she has too much respect for him and too much admiration for his scruples to put him to such a trial. It must be confessed, however, that she gives him more than one hint of extraordinary breadth. Still, "a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse"; and the most hopeless of all cases is wilful blindness. The only thing, or things, to do, then, are either to enrich the hero, or impoverish the heroine, so as to place them on pretty equal terms; and the course preferred is the impoverishment of the heroine, who has meanwhile promised her hand to Lord Cartane, whom she does not love, in the hope of promoting, after some vague fashion, the interests of the man she loves. Here is a pretty tangle, out of which the novelist ultimately extricates his characters by a method not at all unfamiliar to lovers of fiction. Wonderfully good society the reader will move in; dukes and duchesses, lords and ladies, men and women of money, and men and women of family, are cheap as dirt; and galling the kibe of them treads the swindler, of course; whilst fluttering into their midst comes a lovely, gentle, noble-hearted lady's-maid, who is the real heiress and first cousin to the supposititious heiress. This is just the sort of novel in which there is sure to be a great deal said about a "chaperone," spelt with the final e: why so spelt it is difficult to understand, as one might as well write "dragone" instead of "dragon," when referring to a duenna. But it is no use to lift up the voice in protest: "they all do it," just as they (with the exception of Mr. Edmund Yates in his late "Reminiscences") describe a "fair" man as a "blonde," as though the fairness altered his gender.

Some excellent entertainment is to be derived from *The Lover's Creed*: by Mrs. Cashed Hoey (Chatto and Windus), whereof the three volumes are illustrated by somebody unnamed, though the illustrations are quite as good (which may not be saying a great deal) as any that the magazines for the most part contain. The story is the work of a novelist whose style of writing, manner of story-telling, moral tone, and all the rest of it are well-known and highly appreciated; and if the interest is a little too widely scattered, if a melodramatic incident is rather "lugged in by the heels," if the material is spun out to a perilous thinness, and if the basis of the whole fabric is somewhat old and shaky, still the workmanship is excellent, and originality is displayed in the details. There is a singularly attractive and touching picture of perfect understanding between a father and a son on most points, though each considers it necessary to conceal from the other the most important secret of his life; and, contrary to experience, it is on the senior's rather than the junior's of the story, on the loves of the parents rather than of the children, that the novel depends for its stimulating properties as well as for its title. That the son of the squire should condescend from his high estate and "propose" to the lovely daughter of the brutal tenant; that an "engagement" should ensue, and should be kept quiet, for the squire's sake; that the lover should go to the wars, and be reported among the killed, whilst the girl remains at home to undergo all kinds of trouble and the crowning anguish of the (false, of course) report—all this is commonplace and hackneyed enough; but that the lover and his betrothed should have to "take a back seat" whilst his father and that father's gifted wife, who has been separated from him for many years, occupy the reader's attention with the revelation of a strange romance and the renewal of a mutually suspended love—all this has a somewhat new and piquant, as well as extraordinary, flavour. It is not easy to see why so much pains is bestowed upon the portraits of the brutal Farmer Wynn and his poor wife, whom he bullies and literally beats; the pictures are simply revolting, and do very little towards promoting the "business." Nor is the trip to Australia turned to much purpose beyond that of filling space, a very important purpose, however, under certain circumstances. The trip or trips to Brittany, on the other hand, belong to a very different category; they lead to something—almost to everything, and they give an opening for some bright, picturesque, striking description, and for a few melodramatic as well as pathetic touches.

There is a certain freshness—appropriate to the title—about the three volumes entitled *Between the Heather and the Northern Sea*: by Mary Linskill (Richard Bentley and Son), which is a novel of the æsthetic-romantic order, with all but a surfeit of talk about love, religion, poesy, painting, and genius neglected in life, but appraised at an almost ridiculously high value after death. A shipwreck, described with considerable power and not a little pathos, is the main, if not the only, piece of "action" in the story; for the rescue of the heroine, when she was well-nigh drowned, is but a sort of natural tail to the shipwreck. That rescue, however, has important consequences; for of course the rescuer and the rescued, the stalwart commanding man, and the graceful, yielding young woman (of whom, in point of age, he might have been the father), fall, then and there into reciprocal love. But, some years before he had been "engaged" to a sort of Juno, as regards externals, but the meanest of her sex, as regards the inner woman, who has refused to return his passionate letters, and, though she meditates no "breach of promise" action, holds them in *terrorem* over his head. She is not in love with him,

but deeply, almost shamelessly, with the father of the girl to whom the rescuer of drowning maidens is "engaged"; and so she "sloshes about," as it were, or "runs amuck," under the influence of rejected beauty and revengeful spite. The novel may be said to resolve itself into certain studies of character; all are very good in their way, but the most original and interesting, though not the most edifying or the most likely to extort either admiration or assent, so far as verisimilitude is concerned, is the study of the impassioned, spiteful beauty.

AN EVIL OF THE DAY.

It is inevitable that a fierce light should beat upon a throne, and Kings and Queens must take the discomforts of their position with the glory. The glory may be great, but great also is the tax they pay for it; and many a monarch, vexed with innumerable cares, must have felt, with Shakspeare's Henry VI., that it were a happy life to be no better than a homely swain. Public men, statesmen, judges, church dignitaries, live in glass houses; and for them, as for travellers in Japan, privacy is well-nigh impossible. What they do is chronicled; what they say is repeated; and it is an unfortunate day for them should they chance to act unadvisedly or to speak rashly. Happy the man, said Horace, who is born to a moderate estate, and lives a country life; but if Horace lived nowadays he would see his Sabine farm invaded by inquisitive tourists and anecdote-mongers. The blaze of light that once illuminated the high places of the earth only, now shines on cottages and country homes. The man whose disposition is the most sensitive and reserved may suddenly find himself brought into publicity against his will. If he have written a popular book, made a fortune by a discovery in science, quarrelled with a stepson, shot a burglar, or married his cook, the interviewer marks him for his own. By hook or crook, to use a familiar but not unexpressive phrase, the inquisitor gains an entrance into his house, describes his furniture and features, asks the unfortunate victim what he thinks of the weather, of vaccination, of Mr. Henry George, or of mad-doctors, and then, seeing perhaps some faint indications that his exit from the house threatens to be more precipitate than he could wish, departs with a bland smile.

The eagerness for society talk sometimes leads the manufacturers of it too far. A libel is perpetrated; heavy damages follow; and the persons who have read the scandal with the greatest avidity will probably be the first to justify the punishment of the offender.

This, however, is rather a digression from the purpose of this paper. It is not the criminal publicity given to false statements by the libeller, or even the intrusive, though not malicious, gossip of the interviewer that claims just now the attention of the reader. In one respect, it is a more serious offence than either, since it is perpetrated by writers of the highest character, who could not intentionally malign any one, and would not purposely descend to trivial gossip. Two biographies lately published exhibit in no slight measure the lack of decent reticence—the lives of Thomas Carlyle and of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Carlyle, as all the world knows, was in the habit of using strong language; and when he told one of the guests at a dinner table that he was a "poor wretched meeserable creature," he probably only meant to say that he disagreed with him. In Carlyle's judgment, the world was chiefly composed of fools; and men who did not think with him or please him were instantly pronounced to be contemptible, conventional, or wanting in veracity. It was his way, and probably signified little; for Carlyle, who denounced cant so vehemently, had a cant of his own, which he cherished without knowing it. People he did not like he turned into scarecrows, and then threw stones at them: a pardonable amusement perhaps, so long as it was performed in private, but of very doubtful propriety when exhibited for the amusement of the world. If it is right, reversing the old maxim, to speak evil of the dead, it cannot be right to hold up to scorn living men of high mark and character, not by stating facts against them which might or might not be answered, but by vituperative epithets. Carlyle flung stones at random, and probably thought no more about them, but Mr. Froude must bear the blame of storing up the missiles and showing at whom they were aimed.

Nathaniel Hawthorne, the most original perhaps of American authors, and one of the most remarkable novelists in this great novel-writing century, was a shy reserved man, and, like most men of that character, he was proud. No one would have shrunk more keenly from being held up to the amusement or derision of society. Of the men and women Hawthorne met in England he gave his opinion freely in his journal or to his friends. He accepted invitations to English homes in town and country, and in several instances laughed at the people he met, or wrote with contempt of the gentleman whose guest he was. A shy man is sometimes curiously outspoken; and Hawthorne's utterances are free enough. A man has a right to his opinion of persons as well as of things, and if he writes down what he thinks for private uses, it is not reprehensible, though it may be a little unamiable. Certainly he would not wish his unkindly judgment to be transmitted to people who had treated him kindly; yet this is done in more than one instance by Mr. Julian Hawthorne in writing his father's biography. Of one man still living and well known in London, Hawthorne is allowed to express a doubt whether he is or is not what another living man, equally well known, asserts him to be—"an arrant humbug"; and a certain popular author who received Hawthorne under his own roof with the warmest kindness is styled by his quondam guest "the ass of asses."

It is not seemly; it shows a want of the gentleness which belongs to gentlemen to bring before the public, as Mr. Froude and Mr. Julian Hawthorne have done, estimates of men who still live to read them and to suffer from them—estimates that may have been formed from prejudice which a larger knowledge would have removed, and that were assuredly written without a thought of publicity. It was said of old Lord Spencer that he thought it "a crying modern sin to make biographies piquant and interesting by personalities not necessary to them." The evil has greatly increased since Lord Spencer's day, and seems to be still growing. Some men so dearly love notoriety that they would rather be abused than overlooked; but most Englishmen, let us hope, are still modest and self-respecting; and the few men worthy of a biography must dread the peril of their hasty, unwise, or uncharitable words rising up against them in print. In the instances we have mentioned, two illustrious men have been injured by those who were most anxious to do them honour. The age is very tolerant, but it has some sense of propriety still; and more than one generation must pass away before this disregard of the courtesies of life is likely to be forgotten.

J. D.

The special service for children annually held in Westminster Abbey took place last Saturday afternoon, which was Holy Innocents' Eve. Many children, and still more adults, were present. Archdeacon Farrar read the lesson, and Dean Bradley preached, after which a collection was made on behalf of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society.

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AUTHOR OF "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "MATRIMONY," "THIRLBLY HALL," &C

CHAPTER I.

A CHANCE ENCOUNTER.

A young man was sitting before a writing-table in his bedroom at that overgrown caravanserai the Schweizerhof at Lucerne. By his elbow lay a burnt-out pipe; a few books of reference and various scribbled notes surrounded the blotting-book over which he was bending; while beneath his hand a blank half-sheet of foolscap was waiting—and had, indeed, been waiting some little time—to receive the first strokes of the hovering pen. But the pen continued to hover dubiously; the hand that held the pen shook; the brain which should have been conveying directions to the hand was worried and unmanageable, as well it might be. For of all positions in which an author can choose to place his writing-table, that beside an open window overlooking a glaring lake is probably the least advantageous; and, of all buildings, an hotel is about the most unsuitable for the work of composition. Again, of all hotels the Schweizerhof is one of the busiest; finally, of all towns in Christendom Lucerne is quite the most distractingly noisy. Church bells jangle and boom there perpetually; steamers shriek, carts rattle over the stones, porters, for ever loading and unloading omnibuses, yell at one another, and the proprietors of the hotel—fearing, no doubt, that these cheerful sounds may not suffice to keep up the spirits of their guests—have not shrunk from adding to them a full private band, which scrapes and tootles indefatigably beneath the windows. From early morning to midnight, or near it, the

hubbub rages, until one ceases to wonder that the poor clerk, feverishly totting up accounts in the *bureau*, should look so like an escaped lunatic.

The author on the second floor was already beginning to display points of resemblance to that over-worked official. His face was haggard, his sighs were piteous to hear, and his fair hair would have been dishevelled if it had been long enough. As it was, he had only succeeded in rubbing all trace of a parting out of it, and causing it to stand up in abrupt tufts here and there, so that anyone who had not known what he was about might have supposed him to have just tumbled out of bed. For the rest, he was a good-looking young fellow enough, his forehead being broad and square, his nose straight, and the grey eyes beneath his somewhat arched brows large and expressive. A slight moustache hardly concealed his mouth, which a physiognomist would at once have pronounced to be the mouth of an artist or an imaginative writer. A practised physiognomist might, even at this early period of Adrian Vidal's career, have seen reason to place him in the latter category, for he bore certain outward signs of the nervous literary temperament, and already upon his forehead were faintly traced those horizontal lines which the plough of Time so soon deepens into furrows. The lines were rather more perceptible than usual just now, owing to the causes above alluded to.

"Why, one might as well be in London, you know," he exclaimed aloud, addressing himself in a tone of gentle remonstrance to space. "In all my born days I never heard such an infernal din. And this in the month of May,

too! What *can* it be like in summer, when the tourists are loose?"

Adrian Vidal had never been at Lucerne before, or he certainly would not have fallen into the error of supposing that it is a quiet retreat at any time, unless it be in the dead of the winter—and even then, most likely, the church bells do not cease from troubling. In the month of May travellers alight there from all quarters. Some, like our misguided author, come from the north; not a few invade it from over the German frontier; but it is the south, whence the great army of invalids is then wending its way homewards, that supplies the little town with the bulk of its fugitive guests. From Egypt, from Algeria, from Italy, from the Riviera they pour over the mountains, or burrow under them, and alighting, with querulous buzzings and murmurings, for a night, pass on, to be succeeded on the following day by a crowd as large and as uproarious. Just now—for the afternoon was on the wane and two trains and a steamer had come in—a strong contingent of them had arrived at the Schweizerhof. Vidal could hear them stamping up and down the corridors, calling to their servants, scolding the waiters, ringing their bells and slamming their doors.

Presently there came a knock at his own door, one of those irresolute deprecating taps which are so much more irritating to the nerves than a loud bang.

"Oh, come in!" said the young man, resignedly.

However, nobody took advantage of the permission, so he sighed and began to cudgel his brains once more. After about a minute the timid signal was repeated.

"Entrez ! Herein ! Favorisca ! Come in !" shouted Vidal, savagely. "Stay out, then," he concluded in a more philosophical tone, and returned to his work.

Then the door was slowly and creakingly opened about a foot, and through the aperture appeared the head and shoulders of a mild-looking old gentleman with long grey hair and spectacles. "Oh," said the intruder in accents of disappointment, "then this is not my room after all. I was afraid it couldn't be."

"It isn't," answered Vidal, more curtly than courteously. His manners and his temper were both fairly good in a general way; but it was rather too provoking that anyone should have entertained a doubt as to the ownership of the apartment after having been bawled at in four languages.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," said the old gentleman, retreating at once. Nevertheless he did not quite shut the door, and as Vidal, with an imprecation, was starting up to rectify this omission, the grey head of his tormentor was thrust in again. "I suppose," began the latter, hesitatingly, "you couldn't oblige me by telling me the number of my room, could you?"

"Well, really," returned Vidal, half-laughing, half-annoyed, "I'm afraid not. How could I, you know?—considering that I never set eyes on you before."

"No, no,—to be sure," agreed the other. "It's very awkward," he continued, rubbing his chin in perplexity. "You see, I can't even remember which storey it was on. And yet I did make a point of noticing it, too, before I went out."

"Hah! you better apply to the hall porter?" said the young man.

"Dear me; yes—of course! So I will. A very good idea! I am much obliged to you, Sir, for suggesting it," cried the other, brightening up amazingly. And without more ado he trotted off to put it into execution.

"What an original old person!" muttered Vidal, as he seated himself at his table again. Then he laughed a little, and so fell into a good humour, which was always an easy process with him. "Writing be hanged!" said he, shutting up his blotting-book and beginning to whistle. "There's no greater mistake than writing when one is not in tune for it. It's a waste of time and a waste of vital power; and, besides that, it's apt to get one into the fatal habit of being satisfied with something less than one's best."

This last reflection will sufficiently show that Mr. Vidal had as yet had but small experience of his craft. A man who can't complacently put up with work which falls below the utmost limit of his powers must either be a genius or a tyro, and it is certain that Vidal was not a genius. His was the happier lot of possessing talents slightly above the average, keen faculties of observation, and a mind quick to receive impressions. It has already been said that he was physically favoured above his fellows; so that it should seem as if nothing had been lacking to make this young author a thoroughly contented man, unless it were money—of which, indeed, he had not quite so much as he could have desired. Yet even this deficiency could hardly be counted a drawback to happiness, since he had enough for present needs and looked forward to making his fortune in the pleasantest of all possible ways—namely, by his own exertions. When it is added that the proposed exertions were to be employed in the composition of novels it will be more than ever apparent how young Mr. Vidal was.

He pushed aside his writing-table and, resting his elbows upon the window-sill, looked out upon the blue lake, with its wooded promontories, and the snowy mountains of Uri rising cloud-capped in the distance. "It's all very lovely," he murmured; "only one can't enjoy it, unfortunately. Good Heavens! what a paradise one might make of this place if one could but sweep away the hotels and the steamers and the tourists at a blow! 'Every prospect pleases, and only man is vile,' as the hymn says."

He lowered his gaze to the strip of garden directly beneath him and the shady promenade on the quay, where assorted specimens of humanity were congregated in large numbers, happily unconscious of their vileness. The band, with preliminary squeaks and grunts, was tuning up for a fresh outburst; about the low wall which bordered the lake hung a crew of those loungers—touts, guides, boatmen and others—who batten upon the modern wanderer; the modern wanderer himself was exhaustively represented in every variety of garb. "That's uncommonly like Heriot's back," mused Vidal, his eye falling upon a rather shabby shooting-coat among a host of others. And then, with more animation—"By Jove! it is Heriot's back. What an odd chance!"

He seized his hat, ran quickly down stairs, and was presently in a position to deal a resounding slap upon the back which he had identified and which was a somewhat round one.

The owner of the back started and said mildly, but with a little pardonable irritation, "Don't do that, whoever you are: I don't like it."

He was a man of something under middle age, although his head and his short pointed beard had nearly as many grey hairs as black. His face was one of those which are only qualified as ugly by reason of the poverty of language and which would have to be called beautiful if it were permissible to define beauty as that which is pleasant to look upon. Heriot's face, in spite of its snub nose, high cheek-bones and greyish-brown complexion, was very pleasant to look upon. Its habitual expression was one of mingled humorousness and pathos, which was attractive and also a little puzzling, until you looked more closely and saw that the pathos arose out of evident signs of physical suffering cheerfully borne. His soft brown eyes had an unnatural brilliancy at times which would of itself have sufficed to exclude him from any chance of doing business with a life insurance office. They lightened up now when he turned round and recognised his assailant.

"Adrian, of all people!" he exclaimed. "My dear boy, what on earth are you doing at Lucerne?"

"Cursing myself for having been such a fool as to come here," replied the other, with a laugh. "I don't know what made me fancy it a sequestered nook in which one might work all day without fear of interruption; but that was the extraordinary notion that I formed. Something in the sound of the name, I suppose. It doesn't much matter, after all. I can run up into the mountains in a day or two, and meanwhile I have the satisfaction of seeing you a good month earlier than I expected. And, by-the-way, what brings you here?"

"Oh, I am here for the excellent reason that I can't travel from Marseilles to London without a break—several breaks, in fact. I am creeping slowly towards my native land with the other cripples."

"And how are you, Heriot?" asked the younger man, scrutinising his friend with a shade of anxiety. "Not any worse, I should say, by the look of you."

"Well, no; I am pretty much where I was. I am not dead yet, as you see, and that is about all that I can say for myself."

"It seems to me that you are looking better," said Vidal, for he shared the general belief that such speeches are comforting, whether sincere or not.

Heriot laughed; he did not seem disposed to dwell upon the subject. "What about the great work?" he asked. "Has it been given to an expectant world yet?"

"Not yet; but it is upon the point of appearing, and to tell you the truth, I have left England as much to escape from the condolences of my friends as for anything else. I feel that it will be a ghastly failure."

"Why should you be so despondent?" asked Heriot, smiling.

"Because, when I read it over, I couldn't help seeing what a deadly dull book it was. It has good points—or at least I think so—but then they are not the sort of good points that will be at all likely to strike the general public; and I am afraid there isn't nearly enough of plot. Ah, those confounded plots!—the publishers ought to provide them for us. Why are we to be bothered and badgered into imagining involved combinations of circumstances? It isn't about that kind of thing that we want to write, nor in that kind of thing that we hope to interest our readers. Where is the plot in 'Tristram Shandy,' I should like to know? For my part, if a novel pleases me, I care no more about the plot than I do about the binding; do you?"

"Well, if you ask me, I must confess that I do," answered Heriot, not caring to point out to his friend that the possession of Sterne's genius is a necessary condition to the employment of Sterne's methods.

"I don't believe you do, all the same," said the young man; "but of course, theoretically, a story ought to be a story, and it is awkward to have no answer ready to such an obvious criticism. I feel very much as I used to do at school after I had sent in a copy of verses about which I had misgivings, and I seem to see the stern critic standing over me with sublime rod. 'Now, Vidal, where's your plot?'—'Oh, please, Sir, I haven't got one; but I thought if I made the writing very pretty'—. And then the birch-twigs whistle through the air, and I have to assume an ignoble posture. Let us talk about something else."

"It is nearly time to talk about dinner," remarked Heriot, looking at his watch. "I suppose you dine at the table-d'hôte?"

"Oh, I suppose so."

"Then you might as well tell them to put us together. By-the-way, I must introduce you to some very old friends of mine, the Irvines, whom I fell in with yesterday. They are on their way back from Rome. Perhaps," added Heriot, with a smile, "you might find them—two of them, at least—good subjects to introduce into a work of fiction, though I fancy that poor old Irvine, if you depicted him truthfully, would be pronounced too broad a caricature. He is a great collector of antiquities of all kinds, especially coins, and most likely he could tell you the name of every Emperor, King, and Consul whose image and superscription have ever been struck; but his powers of memory end absolutely there. I believe that, if you were to stop him suddenly in the street and ask him what his name was, where he lived, where he was at that moment, and whither he was bound, he wouldn't be able, for the life of him, to answer a single one of your questions."

"I fancy I have seen the old gentleman already," said Vidal. "Has he long grey hair and spectacles, and does he look as if he had forgotten, amongst other things, to shave for three days?"

Heriot nodded.

"Ah, then, that is my friend. He marched into my room about an hour ago, and seemed quite hurt when I told him that it was my room and that I couldn't assist him towards discovering his own. Does Mrs. Irvine share his peculiarities?"

"No; but she has some of her own. However, you will soon be able to judge of her for yourself. I don't want you to laugh at them too much, though; because, for all their little oddities, they are dear good people, and they have shown me a great deal of kindness at one time and another. A man like myself, without kith or kin, learns to value his friends, you know."

"I know that you stick to your friends, Heriot," said the other, laying his hand upon his companion's shoulder, as they re-entered the hotel together.

CHAPTER II.

HERIOT'S FRIENDS.

Vidal spoke with some warmth, and had, indeed, good reason for so doing. The friendship which had subsisted for some years between the two men, and which, in the first instance, had been rather of the elder's than of the younger's seeking, was now equally strong on both sides. It was Heriot who had discovered Vidal's literary capabilities, and had put him in the way of contributing those short articles to magazines, by means of which he had first tried his wings; it was to Heriot that he invariably turned in the moments of despondency and self-distrust to which his temperament made him liable; and, finally, it was Heriot who had once got him out of a scrape which, absurd as it seemed when looked back upon from the heights of mature experience, might easily have had a lamentable conclusion.

That a boy of eighteen should fall in love with his mother's maid is a circumstance not, perhaps, highly creditable to the boy's taste or intelligence, yet one which can hardly be called unprecedented. If, in Adrian's case, the maid had escaped without a slur upon her character, this happy result was probably due less to Susan's rigid virtue than to her vaulting ambition. For, being a young woman endowed not only with beauty of person but with exceptional strength of purpose, she had made up her mind to nothing less than that her mistress's son should marry her, and had actually extorted from him something like a promise to that effect. And so, when he got the better of his fancy and sought safety in flight, she left Mrs. Vidal's service at a moment's notice and followed her faithless swain to London, where there is every reason to believe that she would have achieved her end, had not Heriot been informed of the state of affairs and hastened to the rescue. By what means he contrived to shake off the tenacious Susan, Vidal never knew precisely. His own view was that he was bound in honour, if not to ruin his whole life, at least to provide as handsomely as his means would allow for the girl whom he had deceived. But Heriot, foreseeing the perils to which payment of black-mail must inevitably lead, had refused to hear of any such thing; and this, perhaps, was not the least of the services which he had rendered to his young friend. The woman had gone away at last, uttering threats of vengeance which had never been carried into execution, and the episode had long ceased to be referred to between the two men; but Vidal had not forgotten it, nor was he the less grateful to his preserver because of the easy and matter-of-course way in which his preservation had been effected.

Heriot, old for his years, disenchanted with life so far as he himself was concerned, and suffering from a disease which at times gave him horrible pain, and might at any moment kill him, had learnt, as many people do under such circumstances, to find his share of the excitement of existence in the joys and hopes and ambitions of others. It was not unnatural that he should have felt specially drawn towards a young fellow who, like Adrian Vidal, possessed exactly the blessings which had been denied to himself—strength, beauty, enthusiasm, and just a touch of that harmless vanity which a worn-out man so

readily pardons, and almost loves, in his juniors. Vidal, on his side, had an affection for Heriot which was half filial, half fraternal. He knew that his friend was intellectually and morally his superior; but he knew also that in any perplexity or trouble he could turn to him with absolute confidence, not only in his judgment but in his sympathy; and he well understood that a friend of that stamp is not met with twice in a lifetime. Therefore, as he had an instinctive abhorrence of pain, he pretty generally contrived to put away from him the thought that Heriot's days were numbered, and it was only when, as now, a separation of some months made the slow change for the worse perceptible, that he felt that sudden tightening of the heart-strings with which most of us have reason to be familiar.

While he was washing his hands and brushing his hair before dinner, he did not whistle, as was his wont, and his glass reflected a grave countenance. "Egypt hasn't done him a bit of good, poor old chap!" he muttered. "I suppose nothing will ever do him good any more. And yet, so long as he doesn't get worse. . . . How many years is it since those solemn asses of doctors condemned him to death? Two, or more, I think. After all, pluck is the best doctor, and he has plenty of that."

Fastening upon this ground for hope, in the absence of a better one, Vidal soon gained the comfort from it which he desired and went cheerfully down stairs to dinner. He was a little late. The great table-d'hôte room was already full to overflowing; the assembled company of all nations was devouring its food, and growing over it after the manner of all carnivora when freed from social restrictions; waiters in an unpleasant state of warmth were hurrying to and fro, bearing pyramids of plates; and through the open windows were wafted the strains of the untiring band. Presently Vidal made out Heriot beckoning to him from the far end of one of the long tables, at the head of which sat the old gentleman of defective memory who had so irritated him an hour before.

"We have kept a place for you," Heriot said. "Let me introduce you to Mrs. Irvine—and Mr. Irvine, who know you very well by name."

The old gentleman started out of a placid dream, and bowed pleasantly to the new-comer, without, apparently, the smallest recollection of their previous meeting; but Mrs. Irvine held out her hand, and said, with frank heartiness, "How do you do? So glad to meet you. We have very often heard of you from Mr. Heriot."

Mrs. Irvine's appearance suggested the idea that she had just arrived from the railway-station and that she had sat beside the window during her journey. She wore a bonnet and a long dust-cloak, which last was flung back from her shoulders, and her grey hair looked as though she had omitted to brush it after having been out in a gale of wind. There was no ostensible reason for her being in a hurry; yet she both spoke and ate as if there were no time to be lost. "And where have you come from, Mr. Vidal? From London? I thought everybody was going to London, not coming away from it, at this time of year. We have been spending the winter in Rome, and have enjoyed ourselves beyond everything—at least, my daughter and I have. I am not quite so sure about Mr. Irvine, who dislikes travelling. Still he really was interested—I was saying that you were interested in Rome, John."

"Eh? Oh, immensely interested," answered Mr. Irvine. "I don't know whether you are familiar with Rome, Mr.—er—. I beg your pardon; but I didn't quite catch your name." Vidal was spared the disagreeable duty of re-introducing himself by Mrs. Irvine, whose volubility drowned her husband's half-finished sentence. "He liked it very much when he got there, as I always told him he would; and he spent a great deal of his time at Castellani's; besides which, there are all sorts of collections, you know, in Rome, for those who like collections. What I myself enjoy most of all is seeing the people—not, of course, that one doesn't fully appreciate the scenery and the pictures and the ruins; but I must say I am fond of society, especially of the sort of society that one gets abroad—such a complete change, you know. One makes some really delightful acquaintances, and others which, perhaps, one wouldn't care to keep up at home; but that only renders them the more entertaining for the time being. I like to see all kinds of people and things; don't you, Mr. Vidal? But I am sure you must, because you would naturally be always seeking for material for those charming books of yours."

A momentary pause, occasioned by the speaker's having hastily swallowed a glass of wine the wrong way, enabled Vidal to observe that his books would doubtless be charming if he had published any, but that he hadn't.

Mrs. Irvine was not disconcerted. "You write, though," she persisted. "I am certain that Mr. Heriot told me you wrote. And after all, I often think it must be a great deal more difficult to compose clever essays and articles and—and all that sort of thing than novels, which can't require any very vast amount of talent, since such numbers of people produce them. Once I began a novel myself, but I have never found time to go on with it. Oh, and by-the-by, I wonder whether you could help me to find a situation as governess for a very charming Italian lady who is at present just keeping body and soul together by writing for the newspapers, and who was, at one time, on the stage, and is altogether most accomplished and agreeable. Embroiders quite exquisitely, too, and makes all her own dresses, which I think is so creditable to her, poor thing! I feel sure that she would be a delightful addition to any household—not, of course, to your own; only you might just mention her to your friends, and I should be too happy to answer any inquiries. Mrs. Irvine, Cardew, near Polruth, Cornwall; telegrams to Polruth station. Mr. Heriot, do you know of anyone who wants a thorough finishing governess?"

"Who has been on the stage, embroiders beautifully, writes for the newspapers, and makes her own frocks? No," answered Heriot, thoughtfully, "I can't call to mind anyone at the present moment; but with such qualifications there ought to be no difficulty at all about placing her. What of your last protégée, Mrs. Irvine?—the lady's-maid who had been a nun and was compelled to leave her convent through conviction of the errors of Romanism?"

Mrs. Irvine made a gesture of despair, "Don't speak of her!" She bent across the table and continued in an impressive whisper: "It was the most unfortunate thing! Do you know, I did get her a situation, and an excellent one—with an old lady—and though, naturally, she was a little inexperienced, all went well for three or four months, when she began to fail in health, and—well I can't finish; but I daresay you can guess what happened. Anything more shocking I never heard of; and the old lady was so very angry with me, and said I ought to have known. But, as I told her, how could I know? And I am afraid she can never have been a nun at all."

"Let us hope not," said Heriot. "And how have things been going on at Polruth during your absence?"

"Pretty well, on the whole. But there have been some unfortunate occurrences; and only this morning Mr. Irvine had a letter telling him of a positive disaster. It seems that the Mervagissey men have been fishing in Polruth Bay, which of course they have no sort of business to do. So the Polruth

men went out in the middle of the night and cut all the nets adrift, and it wasn't until the morning that they found they had cut away their own nets by mistake. You may imagine what distress this has caused in the place; and what is to be done I can't think, unless I can induce Lord St. Austell to subscribe liberally, which, as you know, will not be an easy matter. However, I must do my best as soon as I get home."

In this way Vidal was relieved of the functions of a listener, which, to be sure, he had been fulfilling but indifferently from the outset. For he had not been two minutes in the room before the best part of his attention had become concentrated upon a girl of remarkable beauty who was seated opposite to him, and on Heriot's right hand. He had not at first supposed her to be in any way connected with his new acquaintances, but his neighbour's casual reference to her daughter and Heriot's evident intimacy with the young lady had seemed to point pretty conclusively to the inference that she must be Miss Irvine, though how such parents had come to possess such a child was one of those mysteries with which Nature delights to baffle the evolutionist.

Miss Irvine personified the type of beauty claimed by our island as peculiarly its own. Tall, graceful, with a flawless complexion, and a small head, well set on her shoulders, she had the look of breeding which characterises that type in its highest stage of development. Her hair had in it, besides a touch of gold, several shades of brown, the darkest of these gradations being reproduced in her eyebrows and eyelashes, which last were long and curved. Her eyes also were of uncertain colour, varying from dark blue to light grey, according as the lights fell or her mood influenced her. In a physical sense, therefore, she had been more than generously treated by Fortune: it remained to be seen what inner charms might correspond with or contradict this outer perfection; and that was not to be determined by a cursory survey. So, at least, Vidal concluded, after studying the girl carefully for a matter of ten minutes. At the end of that time he had discovered that she was of a somewhat dreamy and romantic temperament, that she was totally free from self-consciousness, and that she had a sweet temper, together with rather more pride than was desirable for her own happiness or for the happiness of those nearest to her.

This, to be sure, was a good deal to have found out by merely watching the play of a person's features during so brief a space; but Vidal prided himself upon his ability to read character, and only wondered that his investigations should have led him to no more definite judgment than the above. One other discovery he had made—namely, that he was beginning to fall a little in love with the fair subject of his analysis; but this did not disturb him so much as it might be supposed to do by persons who attach a more serious meaning to the phrase than he did. In fact, it did not disturb him at all. His was a susceptible nature, and he was in the habit of falling a little in love with most of the pretty faces that came within his ken. No one was any the worse for these passing fancies, which he was rather disposed to cultivate, having an impression that they exercised a refining and elevating influence upon him.

During the progress of dinner it happened that his eyes more than once met those of his opposite neighbour, and he could not help perceiving that she regarded him with a certain degree of interest and curiosity. That being so, it became a matter of imperative necessity that he should exchange a few observations with her: only he hesitated to break the ice without that preliminary formula which is so essential to the comfort of Englishmen. "I wonder why Heriot didn't introduce me?" he mused. "I'll get him to do it directly afterwards."

(To be continued.)

A FAMILY BIBLE.

A new quarto edition of the Authorised Version of the Bible, beautifully printed and handsomely bound, has been issued by Mr. Henry Frowde from the Oxford University Press. The incidents, the natural scenery, and the localities mentioned in the sacred text are illustrated by pictures, some of them from well-known works by Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci, and far above the level of the illustrations ordinarily found in a pictorial Bible. The special merit of the volume lies in the 300 pages which follow the book of Revelation. Here we have helps to the study of the book—a general index, a complete concordance, a dictionary of proper names, and a series of maps. The title, the canon, the Hebrew, Greek, and English versions are all noticed, and a treatise is given on the genuineness and integrity of the two Testaments. Each book is in turn discussed, with its date, its authorship, and evidence, external and internal, of its authenticity. Though the text of the Apocrypha is omitted from the body of the work, a summary of each book is found in the appendix. Copious notes are added on matters ethnographical and geographical. The supplementary matter is published in a smaller form, under the title "Helps to the Study of the Bible."

The National Society has received 100 guineas from the Mercers' Company and 10 guineas from the Skinners' Company.

A distinguished company last week attended the six-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, the oldest in the University. Among the speakers at a banquet were Prince Albert Victor and Lord Hartington.

Messrs. Rock Brothers, of Walbrook, have invented a new description of paper and envelopes for epistolary purposes, which they call Romanesque, and which have the two good recommendations of beauty and cheapness.

Sir Horace Rumbold, who has been nominated to succeed Mr. Ford as her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the King of Greece, is the fifth, but elder surviving son of the late Sir William Rumbold, third Baronet (who died in 1833), by his marriage with the Hon. Henrietta Elizabeth, second daughter of Thomas Boothby, late Lord Ranelagh. He was born in 1829, and succeeded his brother as eighth Baronet in 1877. Sir Horace Rumbold entered the diplomatic service in 1849, and was employed on special service at Ragusa in 1858. In the same year he was appointed Secretary of Legation in China, and he brought home in 1859 despatches with the particulars of the Peiho affair, and of the attack on the Taku Forts. He was Secretary of Legation at Athens from 1862 to 1864, when he was transferred in the same capacity to Berne. In 1868 he was appointed Secretary of Embassy at St. Petersburg, and in 1871 he accepted a similar post at Constantinople, where he remained about a twelvemonth, when he was nominated Minister-Resident and Consul-General in Chili. He was British Minister to the Swiss Confederation in 1878-9, and Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Argentine Republic in 1879-80, when he was transferred to Stockholm, where he has since continued. Sir Horace Rumbold has been twice married—first, in 1867, to Caroline Barney, daughter of Mr. George Harrington, of Washington, U.S.A., formerly United States Minister at Berne. Being left a widower in 1872, he married secondly, in 1881, Louisa Anne, daughter of Mr. Thomas Russell Crampton, and widow of Captain St. George F. R. Caulfield, a relative of the Earl of Charlemont.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

J A B (Lynn).—If your other proposed solutions were as incorrect as that noted of No. 2121 there was good reason for no acknowledgment appearing. Only correct solutions are acknowledged.

T.—Mr. Campbell's problem to which you refer appeared in our issue of Dec. 22, 1883. The author's amendment of the other problem described was noted in this column some weeks ago.

E A W (West Point, U.S.A.).—Look again at No. 2123; it is much better than you have supposed.

F H N (How).—No. 2121 cannot be solved in the way you propose.

J M B (Dundee).—Why not address your letters in accordance with the request at the head of this column? By ignoring it, you give us unnecessary trouble.

J S L (Blackburn, Natal).—We agree with you in thinking highly of No. 2121.

C P (Toronto, Canada).—Thanks. If found correct, it shall soon appear.

Z I (Princeton).—What is your idea of "good time"? We have more than once notified our readers that this column is prepared for press a week in advance of publication. All correct solutions are acknowledged in due course.

W E T (Philadelphia, U.S.A.).—Very good, and very acceptable. One of the batch appears below.

L S, E S, and many other Correspondents, are cordially thanked for cards and seasonable good wishes.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF M. MAKOVSKY'S PROBLEM received from J A B (Lynn); of M. SERBA'S PROBLEM, from T and Le Lion; of the Problem from Chess Strategy, from F M (Edinburgh), Fred Forepott, J T W, Emmo (Darlington), Jumbo, Plevna, R Worters (Canterbury), Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), William Davis; of Nos. 2115, 2116, 2117, from J S Logan (Blackburn, Natal); of No. 2123, from T, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), Jumbo, Plevna, O B N (H.M.S. Asia), Le Lion; of No. 2124, from E J Posno (Hartford), E L G, Oskar Hartmann (Malaga), D W (Aberdeenshire), Emile Frau, J P Owen, H. Biebridge, G J Veale; of No. 2125, from Hughenden, Clement Fawcett, F M (Edinburgh), Fred Forepott, E J Posno (Hartford), J H Tamsier, Z Ingold, Emile Frau, Emmo (Darlington), New Forest, Alpha, R B O Salisbury, Shelton, R Worters (Canterbury), R Kirwan, C B N (H.M.S. Asia), Hermit, William Davis, E L G, F Marshall, and Dominican (Newcastle).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2124 received from Rev. W. Anderson (Old Romney), P Ferris, A M Colborne, G W Law, A M Porter, R L Southwell, S Lowndes, E Casella (Paris), T Greenbank, C S Cox, Kitten, H Blacklock, Otto Fulder (Ghent), C Darragh, Ben Nevis, A W Scrutton, Aaron Harper, L F Greenaway, F G Parsloe, G A A Walker, J T W, Clement Fawcett, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, C Oswald, Joseph Ainsworth, W J Rudman, E Elsbury, H Wardell, Thomas Waters, R H Brooks, F Pott, Dominican, and W Hillier.

NOTE.—Owing to the Christmas holidays, only communications received up to Dec. 23 are acknowledged in this Number.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2124.

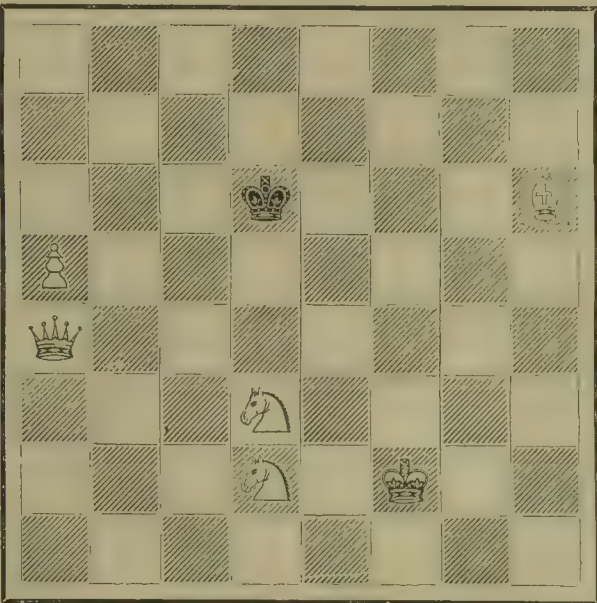
WHITE. BLACK.
1. Kt to Q B 8th Kt to K 3rd *
2. R to B 5th (double ch) K takes R
3. Kt to K 7th. Mate.

* If Black play 1. Kt to B 4th, White continues with 2. R to K 6th (double ch), then follows 2. K takes R and 3. Kt to Kt 5th, mate. If 1. K to Q 5th, the continuation is 2. R to Q 6th (ch), K moves; 3. R to B 3rd, mate; and if 1. Kt takes P, then 2. R takes Kt (ch), &c.

PROBLEM No. 2128.

By W. E. TINNEY (Philadelphia).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in 1863 at Simpson's Divan, between CAPTAIN MACKENZIE and another Amateur.
(Evans' Gambit.)

WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)	WHITE (Capt. M.)	BLACK (Mr. A.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. B to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	13. Kt to Q R 4th	B to Kt 5th
3. B to B 4th	B to B 4th	14. Kt takes B	R P takes Kt
4. P to Q Kt 4th	B takes P	15. Q to Q 2nd	
5. P to B 3rd	B to B 4th		The foundation of an artful trap.
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	15. B takes Kt	B takes Kt
7. Castles	P to Q 3rd	16. P takes B	Kt to R 5th
8. P takes P	B to Kt 3rd		
9. B to Kt 2nd	K Kt to K 2nd		Of course; just what White hoped for.
10. Kt to Q B 3rd		17. K to R sq	
			The trap is now baited.
		17. K takes P	Kt takes P
		18. R to K Kt sq	Kt takes Q
			Whether he takes the Q or R, or neither, matters not, White wins easily.
10. Kt to Kt 5th is sometimes played here; but Black gets an even game by 10. P to Q 4th.			
10. Castles			
11. P to Q 5th	Kt to R 4th		

On the 18th ult. a match was played between the Athenæum and Brixton Chess Clubs, eight competitors a side. It resulted in the Athenæum winning by 4½ points to 3½. One game on the victorious side was scored against an absentee.

It is settled that the match between the St. George's and City Clubs shall be played on Monday, Jan. 19, and Dr. Zukertort has accepted the office of umpire. As he is an honorary member of both clubs, he is specially fitted for this delicate post. There will be twenty players a side, and both clubs will, of course, put in their strongest members—barring honorary members, who are not admissible. The place of meeting will be the City Club-Rooms, No. 17, Newgate-street, and the hour will be six p.m., punctually. As the accommodation is limited, admission to see the contest will be confined to members of the two clubs and representatives of the press. The time limit for the players will be twenty moves an hour. Only one game will be played by each pair, and play will stop at eleven o'clock. There is every prospect that there will be an interesting contest, as the two clubs are believed to be very strong and about equally matched.

Professor Tyndall gave, last Saturday, at the Royal Institution, the first of a series of lectures on electricity, which he explained would trace the progress of the science from its origin to its present remarkable development.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 29, 1874), with a codicil (dated Dec. 1, 1880), of the Most Noble Arthur Richard, Duke of Wellington, K.G., P.C., late of Apsley House, 149, Piccadilly; and of Strathfieldsaye, Hants, who died on Aug. 13 last, at Brighton, was proved on the 18th ult. by Henry, Duke of Wellington, the nephew, and William James Farrer, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £168,000. The testator leaves to his wife, Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, £1500, any two of his carriages, and six of his horses, with the harness, equipage and furniture belonging thereto, as she may select, and £1500 per annum, for life, in addition to the jointure secured to her by her marriage settlement; and he appoints to her £10,000 out of certain trust funds. All his jewels, not already added to or set with the jewels settled to go as heirlooms with the mansion houses and estates by Act of Parliament so long as the dignity of Duke of Wellington shall endure, he also leaves to his wife, for life, and then to pass with the said heirlooms. He bequeaths £500 to his executor Mr. Farrer; £500 to his groom, John Fenn; and an annuity of £50 to Walter Thomas Hutchison. The residue of his property he gives to his said nephew, the present Duke.

The will (dated June 14, 1883) of his Excellency the Right Hon. William Odo Leopold, Baron Amptill, G.C.B., P.C., who died on Aug. 25 last, at Potsdam, Germany, was proved on the 17th ult. by the Duke of Bedford, K.G., the brother, and the Earl of Lathom, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £45,000. The testator appoints a sum of over £75,000 Consols, in settlement, to all his children, in equal shares. All his estate and effects, real and personal, he gives to his wife, for her own absolute use and benefit; and he appoints her guardian of his infant children.

The will (dated April 13, 1878) of the Right Hon. Etheldred Anne, Countess of Hopetoun, late of No. 4, Ennismore-gardens, Kensington, and of Longcross, Chertsey, Surrey, who died on Nov. 15 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Birch Reynardson, the brother, Miss Mary Caroline Birch Reynardson, the sister, and Charles Stewart, the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix bequeaths numerous legacies, both pecuniary and specific, to her children, brother, sister, maid, and others; including the bequest of a bracelet with a large opal, believed to be the largest in the world, and known as the "Hope opal," to her son, the Hon. Charles Archibald Hope. As to the residue of her property, she leaves one third to her said son; and two thirds between her daughters, Lady Estella Mary Hope and Lady Dorothea Louisa Hope, and her said brother and sister.

The will (dated July 11, 1878) of Colonel the Hon. Charles James Fox Stanley, J.P., late of Halecot, Grange-over-Sands, Lancashire, who died on Oct. 13 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by the Right Hon. Frederick Arthur Stanley, the nephew, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £25,000. The testator bequeaths £200 to his executor as a mark of his thanks for accepting the office; £100 to his cousin, Admiral William Windham Hornby; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he gives to his three sons and four daughters, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 21, 1880) of the Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, P.C., M.P., late of No. 51, The Lawn, South Lambeth, and of No. 18, Brookside, Cambridge, who died on Nov. 6 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett, the widow, Miss Sarah Maria Fawcett, the sister, and Samuel Garrett, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £9500. The testator gives £100, the copyright of all his books and literary works, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and effects, to his wife; £1000 between his children; £50 to his said sister; and the residue of his property, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children.

The will (dated March 2, 1878), with three codicils (dated Feb. 27, 1880; March 18, 1881; and July 31, 1883), of Mrs. Elizabeth Collin, late of Oakwood, Atkins-road, Clapham Park, who died on Oct. 31 last, was proved on the 4th ult. by Frederick Bunter, Alfred Thomas Rees, the nephew, and Miss Mary Anne Wright, the sister, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testatrix gives £3000, and all her jewellery, plate, furniture and effects, to her said sister; and numerous legacies to relatives, executors, servants, and others. The residue of her property is to be held, upon trust, for her said sister, for life; and then, among some further legacies, she bequeaths £50 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Church Missionary Society, the British Orphan Asylum, formerly of Clapham, the Irish Church Missions, and the London City Mission. As to the ultimate residue, she leaves one fourth, upon trust, for her nephew Frederick Wright, and his children; two fourths, upon trust, for her niece Ellen Rees, and her children; and one fourth, upon trust, for her niece Margaret Frankel, for life, and then for Ellen Rees and Sarah Emily Rees.

The will (dated March 8, 1877), with three codicils (dated March 28, 1878; May 28, 1880; and April 16, 1881), of Mrs. Anne Earle, late of Wokingham, Berks, who died on Oct. 16 last, was proved on the 3rd ult. by the Rev. Edward Fienness Trotman, the nephew, and George Thomas Tyndale, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to nephews, nieces, executors, and servants; one moiety of the residue of her property, upon trust, for her sister Mrs. Margaret Honey, and her children; and the other moiety, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, Mrs. Henrietta Earle, for life, and then for the daughters of her sister Mrs. Trotman.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster opened a children's ward in connection with Macclesfield Infirmary last week.

Her Majesty has appointed Mr. Horace Seymour Commissioner of Customs, in the room of Lord Aram, who retires.

Several fatal accidents by the breaking of ice are reported from the provinces.

Encke's comet, which completes its circuit of the sun in about three years and a half, has been observed by an astronomer at Florence.

Mr. Gladstone attained his seventy-fifth birthday on Monday; and it is reported from Hawarden that the right hon. gentleman is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the steamer Abergeldie, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in November last.

The past week's imports of live-stock and fresh meat landed at Liverpool from American and Canadian ports amounted to 517 cattle, 276 sheep, 9515 quarters of beef, 1315 carcasses of mutton, and 50 hogs.

The missing crew of the Norwegian barque Holmstrand, which sank after collision with the steamer Chelydra off the Eddystone on Christmas morning, were picked up about four hours after the disaster, and landed at Newport last Saturday. The crew speak in warm terms of the kindness with which they were treated by their rescuer, Captain Mills.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN: AN AFFAIR WITH OUTPOSTS.

DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

BOOKS OF POETRY.

The difference between the poet and the verse-maker is as great as that between the beauties of Nature and the illusions of the scene-painter. Not always, however, is it incumbent on the critic to point this difference out; and, just as in common parlance we call every man a gentleman who keeps a carriage, so we may be permitted, for convenience sake, to call everyone a poet who writes verses. That Mr. Eugene Lee-Hamilton is a poet of a true and even powerful order will be evident to readers of *Apollo and Marsyas, and other Poems* (Elliot Stock). The poem which gives a name to the volume is full of vivid pictures, and displays a striking mastery of language; but the "other poems" convey, perhaps, the strongest sense of the writer's genius. A piece more eerie, weird-like, and forcible than "Sister Mary of the Plague" has not, we think, been written since Rossetti's "Sister Helen"; and it may be questioned whether recent literature contains another poem which describes the terrors of an evil conscience with the incisive strength of "Ipsissimus." Among Mr. Lee-Hamilton's sonnets, one entitled "Strangled" will bear comparison with the most striking of Rossetti's on "Lost Days." To notice this volume in proportion to its merits would need far more space than we can command. The writer numbers among his other virtues perfect clarity of speech; a rare gift nowadays, and one which shows that a poet sees distinctly what he undertakes to describe.

Athelney and other Poems, including Kenwill and Messeria, by Eliza Down (Bell and Sons), the next volume on our list, is also one of the most significant. We make no extravagant claim for this writer in asserting that she possesses the true instinct of the poet, and that where she partially fails, the form and not the conception is at fault. There is insight in her verse, there is an ear for music, and there is for the most part, even in her weakest lyrics—and a few of them undoubtedly are weak—the absence of common-place. "Athelney," which it is scarcely necessary to say is a legend of King Alfred, has more than one merit which will strike the reader on a first perusal. The story is told with the utmost clearness; the blank verse is at once graceful and sinewy; and the whole landscape is, as it were, bathed in a poetical atmosphere. It seems as if the author saw what she describes. What are called "beauties," too, are by no means absent, though Miss Down, with a proper sense of art, never says fine things for the sake of saying them. Our space will not allow us to illustrate this poem by quotations, but let the reader turn to page 31 for the description of a sunset, or read the parting, at the opening of the poem, between the King and Queen, and he will allow that in some measure the writer possesses the poet's best gift—imagination. "Easter Day" is not a new theme for a sacred poet, but the writer treats it with a firm and yet gentle hand. "The Cup of Tears," simple in language and original, we think, in thought, is another suggestive lyric. It brings to remembrance Mrs. Browning's "Isobel's Child." In that poem, a dying babe pleads with a mother not to keep it longer in this cold world by the power of her prayers; in the short lyric by Miss Down, a baby dies, and the mother weeps for her night and day. Then a visionary child appears to her, bearing in its hand a cup, full to the brim, of the tears the mother has shed. If the cup should overflow the little one will taste of sorrow, even in heaven; so the mother, for her darling's sake, weeps no more. This is the bald prose of a little poem which is in every line poetical. Gladly would we refer to other poems in this unpretending but by no means insignificant volume; but enough has been said, perhaps, to draw attention to the work. We expect to hear from Miss Down again.

Mr. J. W. Gilbert-Smith may be already known to some of our readers as a clever versifier and satirist. He has great faculty for rhyming, and has some faculty for poetry; but *The Log o' the Norseman* (Kegan Paul), in which he poses as a kind of modern "Childe Harold," without the passion and imagination that light up that poem with splendour, gives few indications of poetical progress. The mannerisms and phrases are often Byronic; and where the writer is the most independent of his master, the failure is most conspicuous. A poet may rise with effect from the ludicrous to the beautiful; but in sinking from the beautiful to the burlesque, even Byron, the wittiest poet of his age, generally failed. Mr. Gilbert-Smith should beware of passing from grave to gay. Some fairly good stanzas on Dante are followed by rubbish like the following, which the author probably mistakes for humour—

China and chintz and chairs of Chippendale,
And shapes of women more burlesqued than decked,
And youths with visages divinely pale
Pose representative of intellect;
Mind illustrates its strength in Matter wrecked;
Urged by high art, our very waists ascend,
Like love more lengthy when it's incorrect!
"There's nothing new," as Solomon hath penned,
Save pedigrees and poets (Hope I don't offend).

Mr. Gilbert-Smith does offend. But he is capable of something better, and a few of the lyrics scattered through the volume have a musical ring, notably one commencing with the line "Little maiden blossom laden."

In dissonance of rhyme and irregular leaps of metre Ella Sharpe Youngs, author of *A Heart's Life, Sarpedon, and other Poems* (Kegan Paul), reminds us frequently of Mrs. Browning. The writer is not without culture and imaginative power; but great energy seems to be expended with comparatively small results. She takes all the license which, for the sake of her splendid genius, we pardon in Mrs. Browning; and the license is more evident than the poetry. When good English stands in the author's way, she shows a royal contempt for it; and when English words are not forthcoming, has the bad taste and pedantry to introduce Greek.

Will heart-reticence be thanker
For love-sweetness we neglect?

is a couplet which it will suffice to quote without criticising. Ella Sharpe Youngs wants simplicity and moderation. It will be well for her, and for her readers, if she avoids for the future feminine rhymes and difficult metres.

Mr. Evelyn Douglas implies in the preface to his *Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic* (Trübner), that he is still very young; and the statement does not surprise us. He employs too often the meaningless imagery dear to youthful versifiers, and if his lines have always a meaning the prosaic reader will be apt to miss it. Syntax and sense are wanting in a lyric called "Hopes," and not in that lyric alone; and the imagery of the writer is often surprising. In "The Golden City," for example, we read of the "hot light" that shivers, of the throbbing and pulsation of the sky, of

bronzed youths carousing
With maids of snowy flank,

of "burning waves a-tremble," of "silken-sailed galleys" which "keep soaring up and down," of "fiery languor," and of much else that is as passing strange. Yet there are indications in that diffuse poem of poetical enthusiasm, though of enthusiasm untempered with discretion. Héloïse and Abelard would be a perilous subject to touch even if Pope had not made it his own. The versification of this poem has, however, greater merit than the lyrical pieces, and here and there in the volume are indications that Mr. Douglas may yet live to

write poetry. Many of the faults that strike us may be due to immaturity, and this can at least be truly said—they are not the faults of a dull writer.

Mr. Herman Charles Merivale is known to fame, and *Florien, a Tragedy in Five Acts, and other Poems* (Remington and Co.), will enhance his reputation. We do not suppose that Mr. Merivale designed "Florien" for the stage, but many of the scenes are strongly dramatic, the characters are distinctly marked, and the painful plot is developed with masterly skill. Whether the pleasure the reader should always gain from tragedy is not marred by some strongly realistic scenes in this play is too wide a question for discussion here. Every reader will be in a position to decide it for himself, since no one who begins the tragedy can fail to read it to the end. The poems, some at least if not all, have appeared in print before. Very beautiful is the sonnet "To Maud"; and still more so, perhaps, Mr. Merivale's dedicatory sonnet to his wife.

A Vision of Souls, with other Ballads and Poems, by W. J. Dawson (Elliot Stock), has claims upon the lover of poetry which the exigencies of space alone prevent us from describing. There are frequent echoes in the poems, but there are also signs of original thought and fancy; and if this is Mr. Dawson's first appearance in print, his volume is one which gives high promise of future excellence. "In a Sick-Room," "The Ballad of Carew," and "The Town of Eternal Memory" are not the efforts of a mere versifier. We commend also to the reader "A Sermon by Oliver Cromwell." The translations of Dante grow with the years, and every translator tries to achieve what is wellnigh an impossibility.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri, translated verse for verse from the original into terza rima, by James Innes Minchin (Longmans), has been no hasty production. Begun in 1856, and finished in India in the autumn of 1857, the year of the Mutiny, another twelve months were devoted to its revision. It was then "laid by." In 1866, Mr. Minchin returned to England, after an absence of twenty-two years, and showed his MS. to the late Professor Brewer, of King's College, who, after comparing every passage with the original, pronounced it the best translation he had read of the "Purgatory" and the "Paradise." Again a year was spent in revision, and now, after an interval of sixteen years, the translator brings the work "before the general judgment of Dante students as the result of the honest labour of many years of a studious life." To attempt the *terza rima* form in a stubborn language like the English shows no little boldness on the part of Mr. Minchin. He says, indeed, that it is a metre perfectly suited for English poetry; but why then, it may be asked, has it been avoided by every great poet, and how is it that not a single English poem of high merit has been produced in it? Students of Dante will find this carefully exact translation of no common value.

We may add, in concluding these brief notices of recent poetry, that a remarkable poem called *Midas*, by the late William Forster (Kegan Paul, and Co.), contains, under the semblance of an antique form, the discussion of problems which are now agitating society. We cannot agree with Midas that the Demagogue, who pours out his wrongs and those of his fellow-labourers, does so in an "incisive style"; on the contrary, the elaborate and lengthy lines too often seem to exhaust the point of the speaker and the writer. The reader, too, especially if he attempt to read the verses aloud, will soon be exhausted also.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The loss of friends, you will agree,
Is what we all deplore;
But have you been a friend to me,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four?

You swelled my rates, to put it pat,
Quite high enough before:
I hardly owe you thanks for that,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four!

You gave me twinges in the knees,
Ask portly Doctor Gore:
Can I feel gratitude for these,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four?

With gouty twitches I've been curst,
Since you came through my door:
My heart with gratitude won't burst,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four!

Another "Cherub" 'twas your whim
To add unto my store:
Do you expect my thanks for him,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four?

A burglar scare—a broken nose—
A friend who proved a bore:
Oh! blessings on your head for those,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four!

Dyspepsia now has swelled the ranks
Of foes who plague me sore:
You brought him—twenty-thousand thanks,
Dear Eighteen-eighty-four!

Bad debts galore—long Doctor's bills—
And countless "mercies" more!
Deep gratitude my bosom thrills,
Good Eighteen-eighty-four!

And now we are about to part—
To part for ever more:
Good-bye! Good-bye! with all my heart,
Old Eighteen-eighty-four!

* * * * *
He's gone! I somehow feel more bright—
The gayest man alive!
Good morning! You will put all right!
Young Eighteen-eighty-five!

F. B. DOVETON.

Sir Joseph Bazalgette presided at the annual meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers. The institution consists of 3782 persons, being an increase of 194 during the year. Sir Frederick Bramwell was elected president for 1885.

Mr. Joseph John Thomson, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, has been elected Professor of Experimental Physics at Cambridge, in room of Lord Rayleigh, resigned; Mr. D'Arcy Wentworth Thompson, B.A., Professor of Biology, University College, Dundee; Mr. Thomas Purdie, to the Chair of Chemistry in the University of St. Andrew's, rendered vacant by the retirement of Professor Heddle; and Dr. Gilbert, F.R.S., Professor of Rural Economy at the University of Oxford, and the associate of Sir J. B. Lawes in the Rothamsted experimental work, to the post of Honorary Professor of Agricultural Chemistry at the Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, vacant by the death of Dr. Voelcker.

LONDON IN WINTER.

That Winter has its charms in the country everyone will allow. No man who has lived among the mountains in that season will ever forget the crisp freshness of the air, the effects of light and shade, the snow-covered heights steeped in rose colour by the setting sun, the gloomy shadows, the fitful breeze making solemn music in the pine woods, the smooth, firm ice upon the turns, covered, perchance, with skaters who have "given their bodies to the wind," while the mountains that guard the lakes echo back the merry laughter of girls. The air may be keen, but then how clear and wholesome it is! Like Wordsworth's cottage girl, we feel our life in every limb, and when the shadows fall and the stars come out, how gladly do we walk homewards in the silence and darkness, happy if alone, still happier if one dear companion is with us whose presence gives a new meaning to nature, a twofold energy to life. What the winter can be even in tame rural scenery to a man poetically inclined, Cowper has told us. His poetry, somewhat out of fashion nowadays, contains sketches of winter scenery unsurpassed for accuracy and beauty; and while picturing out-of-door scenes minutely he delights also in describing winter evenings at home, when the curtains are drawn and the fire is burning brightly. For the sportsman, too, winter, if the weather be favourable, is the happiest season of the year, and he has no sympathy with the chilly folk who prefer to the misty damp of November the blazing sunshine of July.

In London, it must be admitted that the winter season has its drawbacks. For the most part, we Londoners shiver with the cold instead of being braced by it. The air is too often heavy with fog and smoke; sooty showers descend from the chimneys; the pavement is greasy with mud and slush; and what the great thoroughfares are after a heavy fall of snow cannot be described in refined language: we must go back to the phraseology of our school days, and call them "beastly dirty." Let us not forget, however, that even London has its bright winter days, when walking is a pleasure, and when the great metropolis has a beauty of its own which no southern city can rival. "Earth has not anything to show more fair" may be sometimes said of it with truth in December, as well as in May. The chief pleasures of London in winter are, however, to be found within doors. When the rain, or that dirty composition we call snow, is falling, how delightful it is to sit by a roaring fire in a good library. Then our old companions, who were neglected—perhaps forgotten—in the summer, come into favour once more. We take up Shakspeare or Molière, Cervantes or Goethe; we resolve, perhaps, to do as Nathaniel Hawthorne once did, and read the Waverley Novels through again from beginning to end; we make acquaintance or increase our familiarity with the Queen Anne men. Or, if we eschew what is impertinently styled light literature—under which term the solemn moralist includes some of the greatest productions of the human mind—there is the "heavy literature" of Mr. Herbert Spencer and Dr. Bain to be studied; we may give our days and nights to the "Constitutional History" of Bishop Stubbs; while for after-dinner pastime are there not Dr. Ilne's History of Rome, and Professor Freeman's entertaining story of the Norman Conquest? To lovers of literature, books are among the chief blessings of the winter season; and yet the attraction of books to Londoners is but one among many. It is a time for the meeting of friends and old acquaintances; the migratory instinct is appeased, and people are content with the pleasures offered to them by society. A large dinner party is a vast expense and affords little enjoyment, but a select party—say, of six or eight congenial spirits, with a feast of good things in the first place and a feast of reason afterwards—is a kind of hospitality which few men and women of culture fail to relish. There is something, too, very cosy about the afternoon tea in winter, less of distraction than in summer, and more of agreeable chat. Then there are the theatres. On a lovely evening in spring, when "the young May moon is gleaming," a crowded theatre is not altogether an attraction; but in winter, especially if a good friend gives you a dinner first, and then fills your cup to overflowing by the presentation of a stall ticket, the pleasure will be without a drawback. Do the same kindness for him another night, and add to it by inviting his wife or daughter, and you will find the pleasure doubled.

This suggestion reminds us that winter in London is the season dedicated to charity. The man who lives to himself is never a happy man. If he is engrossed with his own pleasures, he is equally burdened with his cares. Thinking of himself, he is miserable; but let him once resolve to work for others, and his personal anxieties will grow smaller day by day. This is a familiar recipe for happiness which people know but forget to make use of. Perhaps a vast city like London tends to make a man selfish. Its misery is immeasurable, and how can he relieve it? Is it not almost as vain as the effort of Mrs. Partington to push back the Atlantic Ocean with her mop? So it may seem to the superficial observer, but in reality it is quite otherwise. Dame Partington was fighting against Nature; the man who strives to do good and to lessen human misery is fighting with the laws of Nature on his side. It may seem that he can do little, but to move at all in the right direction is to have with him a number of beneficent and victorious forces.

We must pause; for the last two or three sentences look almost like preaching, and their gravity alarms the writer. It will not do to forget that London has its cakes and ale as well as its dry bread, its songs as well as its sermons, and that in this it resembles human life, with its "mingled yarn good and ill together."

J. D.

A Winter Art-Exhibition was opened in the Bradford Museum last week by the Mayor of the borough.

In Yorkshire there is a Needlework Guild, which has a membership of nearly 500, who make clothing and distribute it to charities in the county.

The usual dinner, consisting of hot roast beef, potatoes, and plum-pudding, was given on Christmas Day at the Field-Lane Ragged School and Refuges. The dinner consisted of 480 lb. of beef, 580 lb. of plum-pudding, seven sacks of potatoes, 150 quartern loaves, and 700 oranges—the entire expense being met by special contributions. The poor in the district were supplied with joints of meat (varying in weight, according to the size of the families, from 2 to 4 lb.), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of tea, 1 lb. of sugar, quartern loaf, the ingredients for a plum-pudding, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. of coal.

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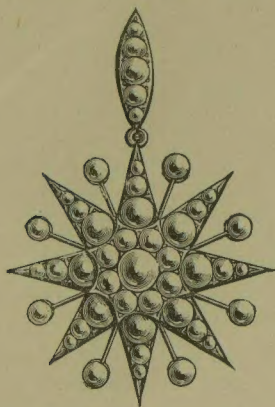
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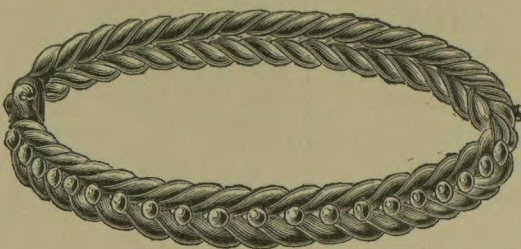
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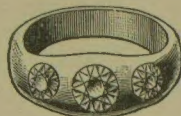
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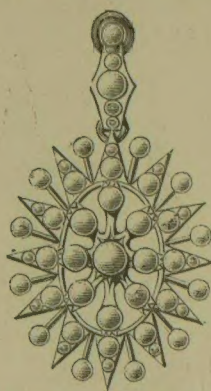
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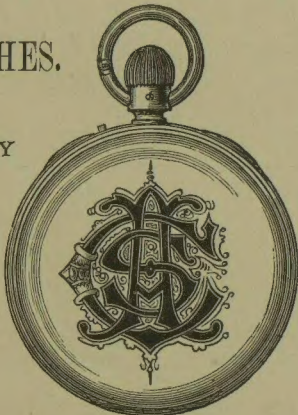
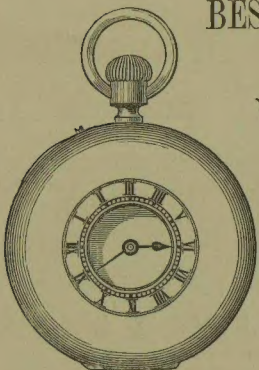
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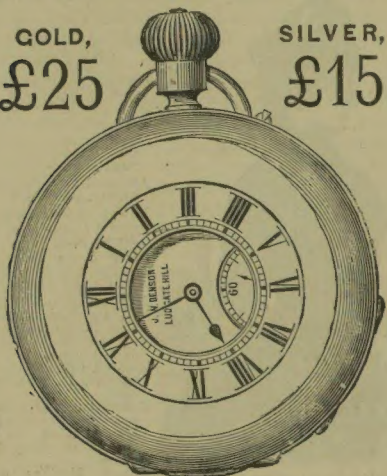
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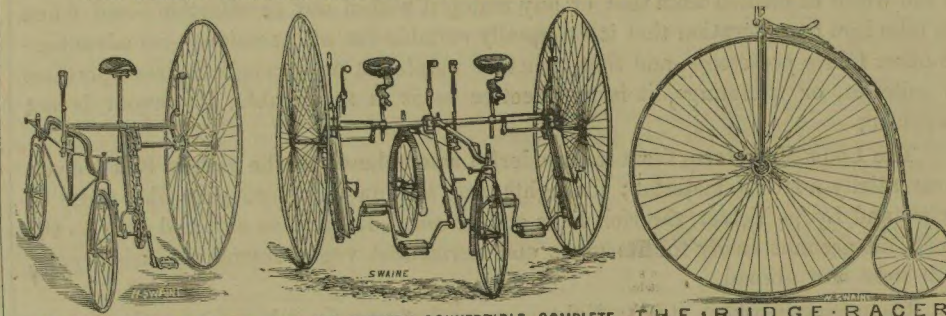
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